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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER IX.—*Continued.*

Not a voice was raised to say "Amen!" and for a few moments all were silent. Shan Driscoll was the first to speak:

"Well! somehow or another, Noddy, what you say about the gentleman that married Miss Ellie puts me in mind of Mr. Fitzstephen——"

Maureen turned her head quickly and looked him full in the face, her lip trembled, and she seemed as though she wished to speak, but even if she had her voice would scarcely have been heard in the clatter of the two ponderous tongues which were instantly in motion.

"Wisha, then, isn't he mighty sharp on our hands!" cried Noddy in a tone of cutting irony; I'll go bail, now, you could see the grass growin' if you were put to it—eh! Shan?—now in earnest, I want to ask you one question, an' I hope you'll answer me—what in the wide world put Mr. Fitzstephen in your head?"

"You may well say that, Noddy agra!" cried Vara with even unusual force and energy of expression, "you were tellin' of what happened as good as forty years agone, and it's what the *heaveril* puts in his word about a man that's nearer to thirty than he is to forty!—maybe it's what you'd be findin' out next for us that myself or Aileen there is mighty like Noddy's ould madam that does be comin' to her, and cosherin' with her in the dead of night when there's none to hear or see them!"

"Vara!" said Noddy with an air of offended dignity that had deep feeling in it, too, "Vara! don't be talkin' that way—I would't sit by and listen to my own mother makin' free with the mistress's name. No, I wouldn't!—and more betoken, I hope she's at better rest than all that comes to."

"Musha, then, but it's thin-skinned you are, honest woman!" said Vara, putting her arms a-kimbo in an attitude that denoted no pacific intentions, "much about your ould quality and far less!"

Whatever the feelings of the audience might have been no one dared to find fault with Vara, and, moreover, it was well understood that she had her match to deal with on that occasion, though it was a great word to say on behalf of Noddy. It might well be, on the whole, that the majority of those present slyly enjoyed in anticipation the clash of two such keen-edged weapons as the respective tongues of the old dames. If it were so, their malicious curiosity was not destined to be gratified, owing to a singular delicacy of feeling on the part of the Galway beggar.

"Vara Halliday!" said she, after a visible struggle with her naturally hot temper, "I lave it to your own dacency if this is a fit time for a quarrel!—you and me both had a wish for them that's lyin' there stiff and cowld fornest us, an' let no one have it to say that we'd disrespect her so far as to fall out at her wake. If it was your own house we were in, I might act different an' make myself scarce, but I came to Judy Driscoll's wake, an' it's not *your* bad tongue that'll send me away. Say what you like *now*, an' I'll keep it all in store for you, but mind you'll not get a cross word out of me for this night, anyhow!"

"Wisha, then, Noddy, but it's you that's got mighty sensible on our hands—howsomever, I'll give in to you this time on account of the time it is—but don't keep harpin' on the quality, I tell you—the quality, *inagh!*—it's enough to make a body sick to hear the likes o' you goin' on about them the way you do!"

"I towld you I wouldn't answer you," said Noddy with disdainful emphasis, "an' I won't—go on now as fast as you like!"

But Randal and some others of the ancients interposing, succeeded in making peace between the angry potentates, and Maureen was ready at Noddy's elbow with a freshly-lit pipe of fragrant tobacco, and a whispered petition on the part of all the youngsters that she'd tell them another story.

"Well! I'll not refuse you, Maureen!" said the old woman looking kindly down on the beautiful supplicant, "I'm thinkin' it would be hard to do it," she added in a lower voice, "but as your granny doesn't like to hear about the quality, I must only think of something that'll be more to her taste."

"But, Noddy, *I* like to hear about the quality," said Maureen with a pouting lip, "don't mind granny—she's only makin' fun."

"The sorra that I am now, Maureen! an' I'd thank you not to say it, miss!"

"Never mind, ma colleen dhas!" said Noddy bending down her head till it almost touched Maureen's, "some other time I'll tell *you* all about the old times and the old people that I used to know. Anything else 'ill do as well now!"

Maureen's countenance brightened, and a glow of satisfaction overspread every feature. For some reason best known to herself this voluntary promise was particularly agreeable to her, and for the remainder of the night nothing could exceed her kind solicitude about Noddy, although her subsequent stories were far from exciting her attention as the first had done.

About midnight the Rosary was said, and on towards morning some hymns were sung by certain young men and women who belonged to the chapel-choir.* After that another round of stories, wonderful accounts of "hair-breadth 'scapes," and perilous adventures amongst the isles and in the surgy creeks and inlets of the Bay, whither the hardy Claddagh men were wont to follow the finny tribes. Even Shan Driscoll had to tell his story when his turn came, and at Maureen's request, old Aileen related, for Noddy's special entertainment, the wreck of the Spanish vessel and the all but miraculous escape of some of the crew. Noddy listened with a half-attentive ear, until Vara, taking up the tale, told how the Spanish gentleman lay sick at her father's house for many long weeks—how they cared and tended him, and how generously he would have rewarded them, had they chosen to accept his gifts. By this time the beggarwoman's attention was fully awakened and she swallowed every word with greedy interest. Not a trace of her recent anger remained either in voice or manner.

"Ah then, Vara astore! how long is it since that happened?"

"Well, 'tisn't to say very long, either—let me see now—it's just about five-and-twenty years come next fishery—it was about the days of Hollandtide, I'm a'most sure."

"And what kind of a man was he, agra?"

"Wisha, then, but you're enough to puzzle any one with your questions, so you are, but if you *must* know all about it—he was a middle-sized, black-avized man, with a pair of rollin' black eyes that you never seen the beat of—our Maureen there wouldn't hould a candle to them, an' then his hair was as curly an' as silky as a water-dog's."

"Well, to be sure," muttered Noddy to herself, "it *was* about the very time, an' just as I seen him—may be it wasn't his ghost, after all."

"And msy be Miss Ellie's husband didn't make away with him," whispered Maureen with an arch smile.

"Why, Lord bless me, child, I think you're a fairy or scmething that way!" and Noddy fixed her distended eyes on the smiling face that was looking up to her.

"Never mind *what* I am, Noddy agra," Maureen whispered again, "you see I'm good at readin' riddles, anyhow, ask Brian Kineely there if I'm not!"

There was evidently more meant than met the ear, and poor Brian's face flushed to a scarlet hue as he encountered Maureen's sportive glance together with an inquiring look from his old grandmother, who sat "on her hunkers" near the hob, inhaling the aroma emitted by her well-seasoned dhudeen. It was at all times easy to raise a blush on Brian's florid cheek, but on this occasion he was positively abashed and looked as sheepish as could be. At last he ventured to glance at Maureen, and was still more confused when he saw her laughing outright. As if in answer to his reproachful look, however, she jumped from her seat, and darted out on the floor, saying:

"Who's for a play—we're all tired sittin'." As she passed Brian, she whispered softly:

"Be up and alive, now, or I'll tell Sally!"

"Sally be—ducked!" said Brian angrily, unconsciously elevating his voice so as to make every one present stare; "you're enough to set a fellow out of his mind, Maureen O'Hara—that's what you are!"

The laugh which followed recalled Brian to a sense of the ludicrous position in which he had placed himself, and after a vain attempt to recover his composure, he darted out of the cottage, regardless of Maureen's earnest entreaty that he would wait and have his share of the sport.

An animated discussion followed amongst the old women on Brian's peculiar qualities, his grandmother descanting with the garrulity of age and the exaggeration of a doting parent on his never-to-be told goodness, and calling on Vara so often for confirmation of what she advanced, that even the sorrow-dulled ear of Shan caught the too frequent appeal, and he snubbed the old woman in a way that made the others laugh heartily. More's hearing was none of the sharpest, however, and as she barely heard the sound of Shan's voice, she took it for granted that he, too, was "putting in his good word for Brian, and indeed it was more than could be expected of him." This raised another laugh, and so the general good-humor was no way disturbed by Shan's sarcasm—though it was bitter enough, too.

Next morning the funeral took place, Mass being previously celebrated in the house according to the time-honored custom of the people. Then the corpse was carried out and placed on the shoulders of four of the elders, one of whom was Randal More himself. Shan walked immediately after the coffin with his drooping head and downcast eyes. After him came the oldest matrons of the community wrapped from head to foot in their long blue cloaks. These were the *caoiners* whose loud impassioned wailing echoed and re-echoed over the wide expanse of the Bay, making known far and near along the shore that some of the Claddagh people was being borne to the ancient Cemetery on the hill-top. The morning was grey, and still and breezeless, and no sound was heard along the line of march save that wild funeral cry as it rose fitfully and by starts on the dull, calm air. At rare intervals, too, were heard the low, half-suppressed moan of filial sorrow bursting from the heart of the bereaved son, as busy memory placed before him all that his mother had been to him.

The funeral was long, so long, indeed, that when the corpse was carried into the Cemetery-gate the rear of the procession was still winding through the lower parts of the village, the route chosen being, according to custom, the most circuitous one possible. One of the Fathers from the Convent having then blessed the narrow house wherein the Christian body was to wait the resurrection, the coffin was lowered into its final resting-place.

Up to the moment when the last shovelful of earth was heaped on the grave by the hands of friends and kinsmen, nothing was heard, nothing was seen but the most decorous gravity, and in many instances the unfeigned, heartfelt sorrow that follows the rupture of human ties strongly cemented by years and years of kindly intercourse. That last office of affection once done, however, the scene was entirely changed. The cloud instantly vanished from every brow, even Shan's recovered much of its wonted character, as though the load were well-nigh lifted from his heart when his parent was snugly "laid by." It was nothing amongst the men but one inviting another to "go and have a treat," and off they all went to the several public-houses or taverns through the village to render what they considered the very last honors to the memory of the lately-dead. The women, old and young, went home to their respective dwellings, with the exception of a few of those strong-minded females to be found in every community who will not be debarred from their lawful share of whatever is going on amongst "the lords of creation." There is no denying that the Claddagh had a certain number of these energetic matrons who could empty a glass of the right sort in as good style as any one might wish to see, and these to a *woman* insisted on "pouring their libation" to the memory of so honored a member of their community. These funeral festivities* occupied the remainder of that day and, indeed, some hours of the night. The greatest shrew in the village would find no fault with her rough mate for "keepin' Shan company till he'd get over his trouble, poor boy!" Any one who grudged time or money on such an emergency would have been set down as "good for nothing," and "a disgrace to the place." It hardly ever occurred, however, that any such backslider was

* It is a common custom in the rural districts of Ireland for the "singers" to attend wakes and celebrate the solemn occasion by chanting the hymns of the church. It is a beautiful and highly commendable practice, worthy the primitive ages of Christianity.

* "Had this custom been known to the late General Vallancey," says Mr. Hardiman, the excellent historian of Galway, "it is probable it might have afforded him an opportunity of tracing some affinity between our Claddagh friends and the Arabs, who, it is said, also rejoice on the death of their friends and relatives. How far this incident would have supported an hypothesis for the learned antiquary this is not the place to conjecture."—*History of Galway*, note on the Claddagh.

The custom alluded to is by no means peculiar to the Claddagh; it was even very recently common in other remote parts of the country. It is happily disappearing, and will soon, I trust, be numbered with things that were.

found, the entire community being under the influence of the popular fallacy that the more money they spent, the better they proved their respect and esteem for the dead. Yet the whole passed off without either quarrel or disturbance of any kind, as indeed generally happened on such occasions.

Evening was drawing on, and Maureen Dhu, all alone in the house, sat "spinning her wheel" in the sun lit porch, thinking of anything and everything if one might judge by the clear reflex of her thoughts on her fine, intellectual brow. Her father and her brothers were, as a matter of course, amongst the noisy revellers whose laughter and loud talk came softened by distance from a tavern in the next street. All at once a shadow darkened the arched doorway, and Maureen looking up saw Brien Kineely standing with his shoulder to the door-post. Maureen's first inclination was to laugh in her coy, coquettish way, but a second glance showed her something in Brian's face that was altogether unusual and surprised her not a little, so she waited for him to speak first, which he soon did.

"Maureen!" said he in a very serious tone, "you know I never cared for drinkin' or boozin', so I thought I'd come and have a talk with *you* in regard to something that's heavy on my heart ever since the night of poor Judy's death, rest her soul in peace."

At another time Maureen would have laughed in his face and given him some saucy answer, but there was something so touching, so earnest in his tone and in his looks that she could not bring herself to speak lightly to him. Encouraged by her silence he went on, while his changing color and faltering voice denoted his agitation:

"Ever since Sunday evenin'," repeated Brian, "I can't get it out of my head that you have some notion about me and Sally Kirwan—I wish the same Sally was in England beyant, or some place where she'd be away out of this, so as no harm came on her—and sure that time you seen us talkin at the door I was jist tellin' her about two boys that I seen boxin' on her account a while before that, down on the Fair Green. But when I hard the bould jade what she said to you, and the turn she gave my bein' there, I declare to you, Maureen! I didn't care if the earth opened and swallowed me, I was that through-other.* What killed me out an' out entirely was you makin' fun of me about it last night before all that was at the wake. Now, Maureen! answer me one question—do you think I have any notion of Sally Kirwan?"

There was a momentary flush on Maureen's cheek, and a slight, a very slight tremor in her voice, as she replied without raising her eyes from her wheel:

"Wisha, then, Brian Kineely, do you think I'm a fairy or a witch, that I could know what was in *your* heart, or anybody's heart but my own—I'm sure it's little I know about it."

"An' it's little you care either," said Brian with more bitterness than Maureen thought him capable of. She looked up at him with some surprise, and was just going to make some satirical remark on the wondrous change in his manner, when Shan Driscoll's taller form stood beside him in the doorway, his face flushed with drinking, and his dark eye gleaming with the lurid light of passion. Maureen with difficulty suppressed a scream, and starting from her seat she put back her wheel into the house, then faced the young men again.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Shan, taking no heed of Maureen, but fixing his flashing glance on Brian, "you didn't think I had my eye on you—I guessed what you were at, you see, with your sneakin' underhand work!" and before Brian could say a word in reply, he struck him on the side of the head with his clenched fist with such force that he staggered back a pace or two and was barely able to recover his ground.

"Ah! shame, shame on you, Shan!" said Maureen, and taking Brian by the hand she placed him on a seat within the porch and rested her arm on his shoulder, well knowing that no provocation would cause him to cast it off.

At this Shan was wild with anger: "It's just like you," said he in a hoarse voice, "to take shelter under the petticoats when there's any danger——"

"Shame upon you again and again, Shan Driscoll!" cried Maureen pale with excitement, "he didn't take shelter under petticoats, did he? when he jumped on the Sassenach's boat to save *your* life."

* This is a singular and yet very common form of expression in Ireland—its derivation can hardly be ascertained. It means confused or extremely agitated.

"Never mind him, Maureen!" said Brian, and he tried hard to keep down his passion, "this is just the return I might expect from him—let him go on—he may strike me if he pleases, an' I'll not do or say him ill—*now!*"

"God bless you, Brian!" said Maureen with deep emotion, "I'll not forget this to you—indeed I'll not!"

By this time Shan was somewhat sobered, and he stood regarding the two with a fierce and louring aspect. Gradually there came a smile, a strange, mirthless smile, that might be called a sneer, and he spoke in a slow measured tone: "Don't be afeard, Brian! I'll not harm you now—there's time enough—time enough—I suppose you think you're near the winnin'-post now, but mind I tell you, you're as far from it as I am. Lonely and lonesome I am this day, but I'd rather be as I am than have Maureen's pity—*I* want her love, or nothing—if she hates me—well! be it so—better that than have her butterin' me up as she does you!"

On hearing this Maureen colored to her very temples — there was something in Shan's haughty independence that found an echo in her own heart. She raised her eyes to his for a moment and then dropped them again. "Why, then, I declare, Shan! you have a good opinion of me when you think I could *hate* any one—and you, Shan! what for would I hate you?"

"Well! I don't know, Maureen, barrin' the the wildness that they say is in me, an' I'm sure it's enough to make any one wild to see what I see at times."

Brian began to feel uneasy, and standing up he said: "I think it's time to be movin', we must all be up by the peep o' day the morrow. I'm thankful to you, Shan! for what you said, an' I'm bound to do you a good turn for it."

But Brian, notwithstanding his hurry, did not move an inch, for Shan manifested no intention of going, and he had little notion of leaving him alone with Maureen. The latter herself was somewhat puzzled: she could easily have got rid of both, but she feared to have them go off together, fearing a renewal of the quarrel. Great, then, was her satisfaction, and Brian's too, when Vara was seen approaching on her return from the town. Brian accepted the old woman's invitation to "go in and sit down," but Shan walked away, muttering angrily to himself.

(To be continued.)

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, March 20, 1858.

Wednesday last, being the anniversary of the patron saint of Ireland—St. Patrick, was lovely and summer-like. It was celebrated in this city with considerable *eclat* by the "*Catholic Total Abstinence Beneficial Society*," under the direction of the Rev. Mr. O'Toole of St. Patrick's congregation, its *ex-officio* President, and James Callan, Esq., its active, enlightened, though youthful Secretary. This Society, which has been but only a little over a year in existence, numbers between four and five hundred enrolled members, and is daily increasing the sphere of its usefulness, by weekly additions to its ranks. I am the last to speak flatteringly of the praises of the living, but more especially of priests, who, I know, are like the charitable man mentioned in the Scriptures, who does not let his right hand know what his left gives; but, in this instance, as Father O'Toole's efforts are for the public good, his light cannot be, if it would, hid under a bushel. To him mainly, under the guidance of Providence, have the community of Washington been indebted for this great reform among the laboring Irish population. In proportion, therefore, as its good effects increase and spread, so also, will the comfort, peace and prosperity of the members of the Society, collectively and individually, increase.

Early on Wednesday morning the Society mustered in their strength, and, headed by a fine band of music, marched with banners flying, and bedecked in green scarfs and rosettes, through several of our most public thoroughfares, until they reached the venerable field of old St. Patrick's. Here they entered and attended High Mass. An eloquent sermon for the occasion was preached by the Rev. James Callan.

In the afternoon they again assembled in still greater numbers, and marched to pay their respects to the President of the United States who looked down on them (let us hope with complacency) from one of the "White House" windows from which his Excellency had good view of the Irish in procession. Had this vast body of the bone and sinew of the land been composed of rowdy firemen from this city or any of the cities of the North, East, South or West, or the less rowdyish volunteer corps, a more particular notice than what they received on the occasion would have marked the conduct of the President than was seen on the 17th inst. However, this is of little consequence to the brave, hardy fellows who performed their duty to the political head of the American nation in a proper manner.

At two o'clock, P. M., between seven and eight hundred, including the Society, met to dine at the Assembly Rooms on Louisiana Avenue. There were nearly as many ladies as gentlemen present. Among the guests I observed the gallant Shields, Senator elect from Minnesota, Dr. Huntington, late of St. Louis; the Mayor of Washington, Dr. Magauder, the Commissioner of Public Buildings, Dr. Blake, and William Bayley, Esq., President of the Board of Aldermen, besides Fathers O'Toole, White, and Callan. The Rooms were handsomely festooned with evergreens, and the flags of the Society, with those of the United States, were gracefully blended together. After the regular toasts were read (the 2, 3, 4 and 5 of which I consider were highly objectionable, as partaking of a political character, not in harmony with the sentiments of many present, and supposed to have the ear-marks of the State Department impressed upon them), speeches were made by General Shields, Dr. Magauder, Dr Blake, Mr Bayley and Mr. Rose, in a chaste and appropriate manner, which elicited rounds of applause.

About ten o'clock the priests and guests retired, when the "young folks" kept up the jollification for an hour or two longer on the light fantastic toe, when all parted, pleased with everything but—*Dinner*.

There was a select, *aristocratic* gathering at Munder's, the admission to which was only $5 each. The Hon. James L. Orr, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and other members of Congress, I learn, were there. Also some flunkies who like to rise into office on Irish capital, or on the supposition that they can carry Ireland in the United States on their back, like Atlas of old, but allow none of the patronage of office in their gift to fall to the share of Irishmen. When will our people learn wisdom, and put upon such gentry their true value? Or, when will the Irish themselves learn their own work and importance in the body politic?

Owing to wisdom and foresight the error in writing the toasts for this gathering, which I have complained of respecting the toasts of the former, was happily avoided, and the underground factions lost their anticipated chance of making inflated capital out of Irish elements for a special market.

SIGMA.

THE ROUND TOWER AND CHURCHES OF HOLY ISLAND.*

[From the Dublin Celt.]

It was a lovely evening about the end of June when we landed on Holy Island. The setting sun was just visible above the dark outline of the Baughta Mountains. A magnificent sheet of water, gemmed with some half dozen beautiful islands, extended for miles all around. Southward the rugged breast of one of the Ara Mountains reflected back from its shelving quarries of slate the departing rays of the sun; and as it swept down into a well cultivated country, it assumed a rich drapery of chestnut and oak, which dipped their overhanging branches in the clear water beneath. The Clare coast too was finely wooded; while here and there along its borders, the dilapidated remains of a few dismantled castles (once the stronghold of a powerful sept of the M'Namaras) told of the ravages which fire and sword, or the no less steady advance of time, had wrought upon their solid masonry.

After gazing for some minutes on the splendid prospect we turned towards the ruins on the island. We had not gone more than a few hundred yards, when we were encountered by a tall manly-looking peasant, followed by a terrier. He was stoutly built, about forty years of age, and had a fine open Irish countenance, bronzed by many a summer's sun. The fashionable *artiste* who *designs* the elegant costume of the gilded butterfly of the castle, would have smiled superciliously at the patched shorts and flannel waistcoat which were the two most distinguishable articles of dress he wore; but we regarded them with quite a different feeling; we felt how many an honest heart and true beats under such a garment, aye, perhaps oftener than under the rich cloth and jewelry of the titled aristocrat.

His first salute of "God save ye, gintlemin; comin' to see the island?" placed us at once upon an intimate footing. He informed us that he had been many years employed by the owner of the island to "take care of cattle;" and that his name was Mick Halloran. He immediately proffered his services as Cicerone, which we very gladly accepted.

The Round Tower is among the finest in Ireland. It is 72 feet high, with an internal diameter of 8 feet. A light clothing of ivy reaches half-way down from the top. The pointed roof, which is usual on all these towers, has fallen; but with this exception it is in an excellent state of preservation. Within a few yards of its base, there is a large limestone about two or three feet high, with an incision about a foot square on the top of it.

The door of the tower faces the East, it is some twelve feet from the ground. I was anxious to get into it, and after a good deal of scrambling and falling I succeeded. The floor inside reaches up to the door. Two circles of projecting stones would seem to indicate the previous existence of two other floors; however, no other vestige of them remains.

How strange is the fate of those "pillar temples;" they would seem to be possessed of some talisman which completely bewilders the efforts of our antiquaries to discover their origin. Who knows but our fabled ancestors in erecting them (*i.e.* presupposing the theory which Moore so fondly supports) may have practised some malevolent charms, which were intended to shroud their origin for ever in mystery. If so, let all our antiquaries cease henceforth bothering themselves about such matters. Believe me it was not to little account that the Danian and Firbolg had been initiated into their mystic arts!

Within four or five yards of the round tower stands the Church of St. Camin. He was of the princely family of Hy-Kinselagh, and retired to the island in the early part of the 7th century. Thither he was followed by a great many religious who were anxious to put themselves under his spiritual direction. These he formed into a community which assumed the habit and rule of the regular canons of St. Augustin.

The monastery was plundered by a body of Danes from Limerick in 834, and again in 946 by Ivar, a chieftain of another of these Northman hordes. In 1027 it was re-erected probably in the form in which it exists at present. Finally it shared the fate of the thousands of other monasteries which the reformation suppressed.

Directly opposite the small Gothic door, through which we entered St. Camin's Church, is the principal entrance. It is a fine Saxon arch, supported by five circular pilasters on either side. A rich festooning of ivy swept across the span of the arch and interlaced its huge trunk with the adjoining pilasters. The Church itself is a rectangle; in its southern wall there is a granite slab with the following inscription: "J. A. Grady repaired those churches and monuments, to the grace and glory of God." It is not dated. However, I think it must have been inserted in the last century, especially as it is in English the inscription is written.

Up to a dozen years ago, there used to be a pilgrimage here, twice a year. Hundreds flocked from the neighboring counties of Tipperary, Clare and Galway to beg the intercession of St. Camin. Thither came the lame, the blind, the child of affliction and sorrow to offer up the outpourings of a suffering heart to the Almighty, and to beg the prayers of His servant. Here, on this very spot, had the kneeling peasant often offered up the rich gift of an humble heart and confiding faith.

It matters little, after all, how much the spirit of "progress" and "indifferentism" of the present day may smile at this; but there is, undoubtedly, something pure and exalted in this outpouring of the heart's warmest affections to God, this unlocking of the soul to some of the finest feelings of our nature, which is so seldom appreciated because it does not often find its way beyond the humble homestead of the poor and lowly.

However, owing to some abuses the "rounds" have been suppressed, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Catholic clergy. On the appointed days, tents used to be set up, and the itinerary squad of "wheel of fortune men," "trick of the loop," &c., who frequent all Irish fairs and "merrymakings," gathered in great numbers to the "island." Potheen flowed in abundance, and the night seldom closed without the flourishing of blackthorns and the cracking of many an unoffending pate.

In the burial ground adjoining St. Camin's Church, Mick pointed out to us an old altar stone, from which the plain cross that had been chiseled on it was almost completely effaced. He told us that some thirty years ago the Protestants of Killaloe thought to take it away to put it in *their* "church," but the d—l a foot farther than the shore it would go with 'em, so they wor obleeged to bring it back again. And what's more, sir, the bell that used to ring of its own accord in the steeple, was never any good since they brought it to Killaloe."

St. Mary's Church, which stands on the southern side of the island, is similar in every respect to St. Camin's. In its southern wall there is another slab, with an inscription. Over the inscription is a crest consisting of a hand and dagger and three lions rampant. A good deal of it is so completely effaced, that I could not make out the figures on it. The monument

* Holy Island or Iniscealtra, is situate in Lough Derg, just where the Shannon takes a gentle sweep into Killaloe. It is six miles north of the latter, and a mile from the picturesque village of Mount Shannon. The steamers that ply daily between Athlone and Killaloe pass very near. Indeed there is not a much more interesting trip in the south of Ireland than along the noble Shannon by the above-mentioned route. Let my readers not confound it with the famous northern pilgrimage in Lough Der.

was erected in 1640, over "the noble knight, Sir Turlough 'O'Brien Ara, who died 1626, and Elizabeth, his wife, daughter to Walter, Earl of Ormond, who died in 1625. Pray for their souls. *Memento mortis.*"

What a sad period for Ireland, the first quarter of the 17th century. The Irish Catholics had been led to expect much from the son of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, but his earliest acts at once dashed away their long cherished hopes. His reign should be remembered with execration in Ireland. That was the period at which 500,000 acres of land were confiscated in Ulster, an immense tract in Connaught, and 400,000 acres in the other provinces; that was the period at which Chichester had trampled on the liberties of the Irish parliament by unconstitutionally creating forty new boroughs; and when the Catholic nobles of the Pale had petitioned and sent an embassy to James, two of their number, Talbut and Lutteral, were imprisoned, and the petition rejected with contempt; at which St. John and Falkland proved no unworthy successors to the persecuting Chichester.

Doubtless it was owing to the sanguinary edicts of some of these deputies, that O'Brien Ara was forced to seek a quiet grave beneath the hallowed verdure of Holy Island.

I continued rambling among the ruins until the moon was far up in the mid-heaven. It was a glorious night—a glorious prospect—not a single cloud to veil the pale face of the "queen of night," who sailed majestically along in the blue vault above. Around, the unrolled sheet of water was burnished with a flood of silver light, save where the dim outline of the wooded shore cast its darkening shadow. The ruins themselves, "half in light, half in shade," seemed, like some fanciful creation of the mind, adapted only for the phantom forms of the other world.

The intrusive footsteps of man excited a hollow echo in the deserted aisles, and seemed to awaken the spirit of saint and sage who had lain buried there for centuries.

On such occasions how completely does the soul identify itself with the past; with what vividness do the dim facts of history come up before the mind. In this island, in these very churches, had the learning of Corcoran, in the 11th century, charmed the youth not only of Erin but of Europe. There, in yon lonely tower, had the anchorite Cosgrath offered up an unbroken orison for a life time. Perhaps, too, on many a night like this, ere yet the Northman or Saxon put his foot upon our soil, might the hooded monk have wandered forth into the cold moonlight, and how must he have stood spell-bound as the deep tones of the convent choir stole softly on his ear, or the angelus from the convent tower rang its silvery tones over the lonely water of Lough Derg.

What a contrast would strike him were he again to revisit these scenes. Yonder, where the tangled brushwood creeps over that grassy hillock, there stood a church dedicated to St. Patrick. There! where the rank grass waves o'er the ashes of the dead, was his own cell, in which he had rested his weary frame, after many a midnight vigil! Here! where this unchiseled headstone lies, stood the shrine on which he had registered his first vows to heaven. What a scene of desolation for the distant wanderer. And yet all is not a subject of sorrow to him. How does he exult, when he looks round his green Erin, and sees that the faith of Patrick is still as fresh and vigorous as in the sainted days of Malachi and Columkill; that sacred learning is still as much cultivated as when her schools were thronged with the learned of Europe, that the same spirit which animated Kilian, Gall and Fiachra is still prolific in Irish missionaries, who may be found in every quarter of the globe, from the wild prairies that border the Missouri to the sacred banks of the Ganges.

DALCASSIAN.

SUMMARY OF THE MOST CELEBRATED IRISHMEN.

"Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the Ocean!
And may harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion
Erin mavourneen! Erin-go-bragh!"—CAMPBELL.

John Abernethy. Surgeon. Born at Derry 1764, Died at Enfield, Middlesex, August 18, 1831.

Robert Boyle. Philosopher. Born 1627. Died 1691.

Edmund Burke. Orator. Born at Carlow, January 3, 1730. Died at Beaconfield, Buckinghamshire, July 8, 1797.

The Right Hon. Valentine Lawless, Lord Cloncurry. Patriot. Born at Merrion square, Dublin, August 19, 1773. Died at Blackrock, October 28, 1853.

The Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, M.P. Secretary to the Admiralty, and Anthor. Born at Galway, 1780. Died at Hampton, August 10, 1857

The Right Hon. John Philpot Curran. Master of the Rolls in Ireland. and Orator. Born 1750. Died November 13, 1817.

Sir John Denham. Poet. Born 1615. Died 1668.

Oliver Goldsmith. Poet. Born at Pallas, Longford, November 21, 1713. Died April 5, 1774.

Henry Grattan, M.P. Orator and Patriot. Born July 3, 1736. Died May 13, 1820.

Charles Macklin. Tragedian. Born at Monaghan, 1720. Died at London, 1797.

The Rev. Theobald Mathew. Roman Catholic Clergyman and Advocate of Temperance. Died at Cork, December 8, 1856.

The Rev. W. H. Maxwell, Novelist, Died December 29, 1850.

Thomas Moore. Poet. Born at Aungier street, Dublin, May 28, 1780. Died at Sloperton, Devonshire.

Daniel O'Connell, M.P. Orator and Patriot. Born at Cahirciveen, Kerry, August 6, 1775. Died at Genoa, May 15, 1847.

Charles Boyle, Earl of Ossory. Mathametician. Born 1676. Died 1751.

The Rev. Thomas Parnell. Archdeacon of Clogher, and Poet. Born at Dublin, 1676. Died at Chester, October 9, 1718.

The Right Hon. William Lord Plunket. Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, and Orator. Born 1764. Died at Bray, January 5, 1854.

The Right Hon. Richard Lalor Shiel, M.P. Diplomatist, Orator, and Author.

Richard Brinsley B. Sheridan. Orator and Author. Born at 12 Dorset street, Dublin, September 17, 1751. Died July 7, 1816.

Sir Hans Sloane. Physician. Born at Killebagh, Downshire, 1660. Died 1752.

Sir Richard Steele. Author. Born at Dublin, 1667. Died 1729.

The Rev. Laurence Sterne. Prebendary of York, and Author. Born at Clonmel, 1713. Died at London, March, 1768.

The Rev. Jonathan Swift, D.D. Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and Author. Born at Dublin, 1667. Died at Dublin, October 19, 1745.

Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, K.G. Military Commander and Statesman. Born at Dublin, May 1, 1769. Died at Walmer, Kent, September 14, 1852.

St. Patrick's Day in Canada.

TORONTO, C. W.

THE PROCESSION.

[*From the Toronto Catholic Citizen.*]

At an early hour on the morning of the 17th of March the sons of the Emerald Isle were alive in every quarter of the city preparing for the splendid demonstration which, from its great magnitude and unanimity, has gone to prove that we have got both our feet firmly planted on this continent. About ten o'clock all the avenues to St. Michael's Cathedral were crowded densely, and shortly afterwards the edifice itself was crammed to suffocation, while the adjoining streets were filled with those who could not get admission. The discourse delivered in the Cathedral was from the lips of the eloquent and Rev. Mr. Flannery. After service the procession re-organized and proceeded to move through the principal thoroughfares. At two o'clock the vast concourse moved off towards the St. Lawrence Hall, where Thos. D'Arcy McGee, Esq., M.P.P. for Montreal, delivered an address, which for eloquence and nobility of sentiment stands unrivalled in the annals of modern literature.

After this splendid denouement of the outside demonstration the procession re-formed and proceeded to Saint Paul's, the leading bodies repairing afterwards to their places of rendezvous to enjoy the good things of this life, and others disposing of themselves as they thought best. What is the more remarkable about this display is that it was quite unpremeditated. There was actually no decided preparation regarding it. It was consequently the spontaneous offspring of that pure Irish sentiment which pervades so vast a portion of our community.

THE SAINT LAWRENCE HALL.

At half-past two the procession reached the St. Lawrence Hall, which was rapidly filled to its utmost dimensions. On the platform we noticed the Very Rev. J. M. Bruyere, V. G., the Rev. William Flannery, Rev. Mr. Rooney, Col. Baldwin, T. D. McGee, Esq., M. P. P., &c., &c.

The President of the Society, John O'Donohue, Esq., first came forward, and was loudly cheered. He said, the duty of opening the proceedings of this day devolves upon me, as President of the Young Men's St. Patrick's Association. And no duty of a more pleasing nature has ever fallen to my lot. (Cheers). The celebration of St. Patrick's Day is a time-honored custom—a custom observed not only by us, here in Canada, but also in every portion of the globe where the sun shines on this anniversary. (Cheers).

Mr. W. Hally, Vice-President of the Society, next came forward amidst great applause, and spoke with much effect.

The Band then performed a favorite air.

The meeting was next addressed by Colonel Baldwin, who, as an old member of St. Patrick's Society, expressed himself well pleased with the day's proceedings. But at his time of life he felt himself in the position of Sir Walter Scott's Minstrel!—

"And when the Minstrel came to play,
He found his hand had lost that ease
Which marks the confidence to please."

Mr. McGee then came forward amidst enthusiastic cheering, and said—

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the St. Patrick's Society, and Gentlemen, it would be to me the greatest deprivation that could befall me, if I were within reasonable distance of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, and, either by sickness or any other cause, were prevented from being present. And it is, therefore, to me an indescribable happiness to be present with you here to-day, in the capital of Western Canada—not only to show we have not forgotten the great festival of our forefathers; but that we remember that festival in a wise, intelligent, conciliatory, though uncompromising spirit. Why do we celebrate the 17th of March more than any other of the 365 days of the year? Because this day, in the great calendar of Christian nations, is observed as the festival of an illustrious son of France and missionary of Rome, who penetrated the darkness of Celtic Paganism, and drew—by the knowledge of the arts of peace and his own pure example—our Pagan fathers into the light of the Gospel of peace and redemption. We celebrate not on this day, a victory won on the tented field, with banner displayed and at the cost of many lives. (Cheers.) We celebrate a victory of another kind, and a hero of another class. But we celebrate one not the less real than if ten thousand or ten times ten thousand persons had been sacrificed to testify of the victory. Though he brought none to aid him—and though there may have been arrayed against him in his earlier efforts some portion of those prejudices which, in every old community, are brought to bear against new-comers—or against parties holding doctrines which were not heretofore publicly avowed—although there have been something of this sort among our Pagan ancestors—yet by the long years of labor he spent among them—by the every day evidence of his holy life—he ruled over their hearts and wills; and, more than any other man in Western Europe, deserves the often-abused title of the Father of his People. From history, we must be convinced that St. Patrick was the true *Pater Patria* of Ireland. He was so in a social sense. I speak not now of his Apostolic character; for that has been already treated of to-day in a more fitting place and with more adequate eloquence by my reverend friend on my right, Father Flannery. (Cheers.) But I would speak of his social character—of that spirit of St. Patrick which is as vital in us as that of Alfred, or of Edward the Confessor, in England; or Bruce, or St. Margaret, or St. Colomba, in Scotland. From the evidence we have—the few writings attributed to himself—we see that the ancient sports and pastimes of the people were not interfered with by him. His was not that long-faced religion which makes broad its phylacteries in the market place. But, duty being done, he knew that the people needed amusement, and he consecrated their May feasts and Harvest feasts in the name of religion. He gave them religion and tempered faith with the every day matters of life, till the name of Irishman and Catholic became indissoluble, so that if one were withdrawn the other infallibly perished. As has been already remarked by your Vice-President, the St. Patrick's Association has for its object the cultivation of literature and literary taste among the young men of this city. And in so doing its members are acting in perfect harmony with the precepts of him whose name the Society bears. (Cheers.) One of the canons of those old councils attributed to him was that wherever there was a church there should also be a school. Had he lived now, he would never have been misled by the sophisms of modern philosophy which would separate religion and education. He lodged science and religion under the same roof—science as the younger sister sitting at the knees of her august older sister, revealed religion—and those twin golden spirits of old, under the same cross-capped towers, filled the hearts of our forefathers with a teaching which fused into a stream of conjoint religion and science, spreading over the land, and made Ireland from the sixth to the ninth century, the luminary of western Europe—the Athens of the Gothic period of European history—the seedplot and nursery of Christian civilization. St. Patrick provided for the intellectual future of his people when he ordained that under the same roof where the church was, the school should be also. And we know from our records and the Pagan manuscripts of the country, preserved in the *Leabhar na n Ceart*, that by a committee of Nine, he constructed out of them all that was national to the country—the rights and boundaries of tribes—the traditions and laws of the ancient inhabitants of the land; and having done so, all that was magical—those institutions of false gods, which made up so large a portion of the pagan ritual—was destroyed. St. Patrick thus provided for the education of the people, while at the same time taking care that their want of legitimate recreation should not drive them to illegitimate amusement. Before I sit down, as allusion had been made to Parliamentary matter, I will say a few words. There are, I believe, in the present Parliament some sixteen natives of Ireland. Of those, some four or five happen to be Irish Catholics. Now, I must say from my experience, I have always found among my countrymen, whether Catholics or Protestants, a great amount of cordiality. Holding, as I do, a somewhat peculiar position, and exciting somewhat peculiar obstacles at the outset of my Parliamentary career, I have always been most cordially received. That more of those gentlemen are not here to-day, is, perhaps, owing to their being prominently mixed up with the leading parties in the State, and unable to act, unless for and with their party. For myself I will say that I have no party in Canada. (Cheers.) I am one among the Irish emigrants—I have crossed the Atlantic with that stream of emigration. I have had experience of North America on both this and the other side of the line, where Irishmen have fixed their homes, and my party is the Irish emigrant population settled here. Whoever advocates fair play for them is my friend; and whoever, secretly or openly, is hostile to them is my enemy. In the land that we inhabit we have no pretentions beyond what is claimed by other people. We claim nothing to which every other portion of the population is not entitled. But coming out of an empire, where, for a long time, by external pressure and internal division we occupied only a subordinate position, we cannot rise, simply by willing it, to a position of complete equality. There are amongst us numbers of people from the old world who still imagine that because there was such precedency there—particularly to those professing the religion of the State—that because the lands of our ancestors were given to those whose orthodoxy was decided by act of Parliament—they will inherit the like here. But they err. And I would here remind such parties that, with or without lay or ecclesiastical guides or leaders, our forefathers resist their ancient ascendancy. Age after age they protested—and wrote that protest in their blood—against submission as an inferior race to any class of men. And, gentlemen, we say to those who think they can impose such a theory here—they cannot do it. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) On the soil of Canada, where we are all by law equally free—on the soil of Canada where exists no connection between Church and State—on the soil of Canada where labor and industry are the only credentials of nobility and distinction—where every man may make his own fortune—we maintain that the theory of the constitution must be reduced to practice—that there must be no back-stairs influence—that there must be no organization against us, controlling the Ministry—that there shall not be laws and ordinances for the benefit of one class to the detriment and exclusion of a much larger class. The Irish citizens and subjects of her Majesty understand their rights perfectly, and they will not abate one jot of them. I think I have some experience among my countrymen, and I must say that there are no men on the face of the earth more generous and tolerant. The charge of fanaticism perferred against Irishmen is a miserable abuse of terms. An Irish fanatic never existed on the face of the earth. Nor, on the other hand, was it to be supposed that because they were not fanatic they were therefore latitudinarian. They are zealous for their own principles without being intolerant towards others. This is the spirit, I believe, of my countrymen, and with this spirit cultivated and improved by the experience we must acquire in such a mixed state of society as that in which we live, I have no fear that the Irish emigration in Canada will be morally or intellectually—much less physically—a failure. Having expressed a hope that the lessons of justice, virtue, temperance and brotherly love, taught by St, Patrick would be observed by every Irishman—especially on that day— Mr. McGee resumed his seat amidst loud and long continued applause.

The meeting then broke up.

KINGSTON, C. W.

[*From the Kingston News.*]

The memory of the Patron Saint of Ireland was duly honored by a very large turn out in procession of the sons of Erin, in holiday attire, decorated with their rich glittering badges of green silk, duly sprinkled with gold shamrocks and other peculiar devices. The day was pleasant, but the streets were in a most inauspicious condition. The procession, to the number of five hundred or more, preceded by Captain O'Reilly's Company of Volunteer Rifles, with three bands of music, and several splended banners, marched from the City Hall to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the usual services were performed. They afterwards promenaded the principal streets, accompanied on the sidewalks by a throng of men, women and boys, all apparently enjoying the gay spectacle and pleasant music. In Ontario street, at ten o'clock, the long procession formed open order, and the rear marched up between the ranks, headed by Mr. R. Kain, Grand Marshal, the Band playing an appropriate air. The splendid "Banner of the Cross" was displayed opposite the Custom House, which all in passing honored by baring the head. It is a beautiful work of art, and of costly material, the body of it being formed of green silk velvet. Depending from the cross, which is richly embroidered, is a scroll with the motto, "By this sign I conquer." The procession marched through an open file of the Rifles into the City Hall, where speeches were made, and which concluded the proceedings of the day.

PERTH, C. W.

[*From a Correspondent.*]

A stranger among the people of Perth, and, I may say, a guest of the St. Patrick's Society on the occasion, so agreeably surprised and so highly delighted was I with everything I witnessed on this, my first visit, to that thriving town, that I cannot refrain from giving a few details of the celebration of the day.

In my boyish days, and in the fair land, when fresh and blooming, it was my wont, year after year, on each recurring St. Patrick's Day to gather the evergreen emblem of Erin's Conversion to the Faith of the Almighty God, the last echo of the eve's midnight chime died not on the air until the birth of Ireland's great festival was hailed by the joyous acclamations of myriads, the enlivening strains of music, and the far booming roar of the cannon; but on this occasion it would seem that Perth endeavored to outstrip even Erin herself, for early on the eve the far-famed Henry Giles delivered to a vast audience one of his masterly lectures on the Characteristics of the Irish People. So truthful is his delineation of the Irish character, and so unbounded and enthusiastic is his admiration of the Island of Saints and Martyrs, of that land of song, sorrow, and eloquence, that my Catholic heart was filled with grief, because the great lecturer was not a spiritual child of St. Patrick.

The morning was cloudy and threatened to grow into a very unfavorable day. Nevertheless, from early dawn, crowds were seen thronging in from all the surrounding townships. At

9 o'clock, A. M., the members of the St. Patrick's Society formed into procession, at their rooms, and with flags streaming, and banners reared aloft, and preceded by the Perth St. Patrick's Band, they marched in order to the Church. The beautiful building was crowded to the utmost, and hundreds were obliged to remain outside during the celebration of the Divine Mysteries.

High Mass was celebrated by the Pastor, the Very Rev. Mr. McDonogh, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Hay, of St. Andrew's, as Deacon; and by the Rev. Mr. O'Connor, of Cornwall, as Sub-Deacon; the Rev. Dr. Madden acting as Master of Ceremonies. This last-named gentleman was also the preacher of the day. His discourse was truly magnificent, and kept for an entire hour the whole audience uninterruptedly rapt in the most intense attention; it was a sermon truly worthy of the occasion, and more than a fair sample of the highest range of eloquence, for which his countrymen are so justly famed.

After Mass, the procession re-formed, and, after marching through the principal streets, it deployed before the Presbytery, when three hearty cheers and one more were given for their Pastor and President of their Society, three for the preacher of the day, and three for the Pope.

In the evening some eighty gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous repast, in the fine Hall attached to Mr. Dooher's Hotel, which was decorated with evergreens and the Society's banners and flags, thereby binding enchantment to the scene.

The Very Rev. Mr. M'Donagh, as President of the St. Patrick's Society, occupied the chair, and it gave me great pleasure to behold at his right hand Henry Giles, Esq., the eloquent lecturer of the evening. Near the chair also I observed the Revs. Messrs. Hay, O'Connell, and O'Connor, also the Rev. Dr. Madden. After the repast, several toasts, admirably prefaced, were given from the chair and were drank with all the honors.

Mr. Giles, in his usual eloquent style, delivered an appropriate address. The Rev. Dr. Madden, and the Revs. Messrs. Hay and O'Connor responded eloquently and feelingly to the several toasts to which they were called on to reply. I cannot pass over unnoticed one portion of the proceedings; it was where the chairman turning to the Rev. Mr. Hay requested him, as the oldest clergyman present, to give the next sentiment on the list, "The Memory of the Deceased Bishops of the Diocese of Kingston, the Right Revs. Drs. M'Donnell, Gaulin, and Phelan;" these were the representatives of the three nations of which the Church in Canada is chiefly composed, Canadian, Scotch, and Irish. The following were among the list of toasts:—

"The Day we Celebrate."
"Our Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX."
"Our own Loved Erin."
"The Memory of Daniel O'Connell."
"Canada, the Land of our Homes."
"The Memory of the Deceased Bishops of the Diocese of Kingston, the Right Rev. Drs. M'Donnell, Gaulin, and Phelan."
"The Hierarchy of Ireland."
"The Memory of Father Mathew." H.

MONTREAL, C. E.

[*Abridged from the New Era.*]

The Officers of No. 5 Montreal Volunteer Rifles gave a dinner to the members of the Company on St. Patrick's night, at the Armory, at which the greatest hilarity prevailed. There were about 80 of the men present, and they certainly seemed to enjoy themselves to the utmost. At half-past seven the guests took their places in full uniform—Captain Bartley presiding, supported by Colonel Wily and Major Smith; Lieutenant Kavanagh and Ensign Donnelly acting as *croupiers* at either end of the tables—the Sergeants seated in the centre.

The tables, laid on three sides of the drill-room, were covered with the best fare that the lenten season permitted. The more substantial part of the repast being done justice to, the regular toasts were disposed of, and a number of Volunteer ones were prepared by Colonel Wily, Captain Bartley, Lieutenant Kavanagh, Ensign Donnelly, Color Sergeant Gallagher, Sergeant Barrett, and others. After enjoying themselves for a considerable time the company separated, highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Armagh.

At Armagh an inquiry was held into the state of mind of James Simms, a supposed lunatic, and one of the proprietors of the *Belfast Mercury*. Dr. Moore, physician to the District Lunatic Asylum, who knew Mr. Simms, stated, amongst other matters, that his ideas were not connected; he spoke about the success of his newspaper (the *Belfast Daily Mercury*) and said that he would obtain telegraphs from heaven as to what was going on there. The jury found that Mr. Simms was of unsound mind.

There are nineteen cases on the calender: manslaughter, 6; bigamy 1; malicious assault and wounding, 1; larcency from the dwelling-house, 1; larceny from the person, 2; larceny, 2; receiving stolen goods, 1; fraud and attempt to defrand, 1; combinations and conspiracies to raise the rate of wages, 4.

Carlow.

Edward Gorman, Esq., Coroner, held an inquest at Borris, on the body of a man named John Scanlan, a respectable farmer from Coolnakisha, near Leighlin, whose body was found in the Canal adjoining that town. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased left his home to attend the marriage of his granddaughter, who resided in the locality of Bagenalstown. On the following day he proceeded into Bagenalstown, where he remained until a late hour, and on his return home, he unfortunately fell into the Canal, and was drowned. The same official held an inquest on the body of a boy named James Fitzgerald, who came by his death under the following circumstances: The deceased, who was a servant in the employment of a farmer, named Ryan, residing at Knockeen, had completed his day's work, after which he unyoked his horse from the plough to which he was attached, and, mounting the animal, proceeded to a stream in the locality, with the view of giving him a drink of water. The horse, whilst drinking, became affrighted, and darting off at a rapid pace, threw its rider to the ground with great force. The boy's foot became entangled in the harness, the result of which was, that he was dragged along the ground by the affrighted animal, for a considerable distance, from the effects of which he expired almost immediately.—*Sentinel.*

We have to record the death of Nelly Gaskin (better known as the Fenagh Fly), one of the oldest inhabitants of the county Carlow, which took place at Ballintraine, on the 16th Feb. She had attained the advanced age of 103 years. Nelly was for 70 years messenger between Fenagh and Carlow town, which journey she always performed on foot, at least three times a week, a distance of about 16 Irish miles. At one time Nelly would be seen with a side-saddle, at another with a fender attached to her back; at all times with such a load as bent her double, such as few other women could carry. She once performed the journey to Dublin and back (a distance of 92 Irish miles) under 48 hours. Nelly was remarkable for her honesty, memory and accuracy. She never learned to read or write.—*Ibid.*

A family named Kinsella, living at Curranree, near St. Mullins, had a most narrow escape from being poisoned. The facts are these: A daughter of Kinsella's, in making a cake for the use of the family, accidentally employed arsenic instead of bread soda, and the mistake was not found out until after the members of the family had partaken of it, when all of them were attacked with the symptoms usually manifested on such occasions. A medical gentleman was sent for, who applying proper remedies, succeeded in preventing any fatal effects. Kinsella's wife suffered most.—*Ibid.*

A singular combat took place recently, nearly opposite Rathvindon Cottage, near Leighlinbridge, between a weasel and a rat. The animals, although surrounded by a crowd of persons, were in no way deterred, but fought until the weasel was killed by its opponent. The rat, from the injuries it received, died in a few moments afterwards. An amateur sportsman named Kavanagh, at Leighlinbridge, has stuffed the skin of the weasel as a memento of this singular encounter.

A man named Walter Butler, in the employment of Mr. Reiley, the contractor of the Bagenalstown and Wexford Railway, was recently sent by his employer to Borris with four twenty pound bank post bills to get changed, one of which he lost, and on his return could not account for how he dropped it.

On the night of the 17th February some person or persons unkrown proceeded to Mr. Edward Carroll's residence, Oranmore House, in this county, and fired a shot through the hall door. On the following morning a threatening notice was found posted on the door.

Two fishermen, named Murphy, killed lately with crosslines 24 salmon in the river Barrow, between Doninga and Bagenalstown.

Mr. Philip Butler has been appointed by the magistrates Clerk of Borris Petty Sessions—*vice* Warren, deceased.

Cavan.

Owen Clarke, of Moher, in the county of Cavan, died on the first of March, at the advanced age of 112 years. He knew nothing of the luxuries, or even the comforts of life; he was hardly supplied with common necessaries, and yet he enjoyed a length of days which the greatest monarch may not hope for. He never was satisfied with making his ablutions inside his cabin, but took for the purpose the next brook or stream. To his last days he enjoyed perfect health both of mind and body.—*Meath People.*

Clare.

James M'Innerny, a comfortable farmer, was killed in Kilrush lately, by a bag of corn, which was being hoisted at a store, falling on him.

Cork.

The long neglected project of a railway to Macroom has at length been warmly received, and seems likely to be brought to maturity. A meeting of landed proprietors, along the proposed line, was held at Macroom, the chair being occupied by Sir G. V. Colthurst, Bart. Sir John Benson was also in attendance to explain the course and cost of the line. The meeting having been addressed by the chairman, Sir J. Benson, Messrs. J. B. Warren, Charles Beamish, R. Nettles, Brash, &c., Sir J. Benson stated that the line could be made for the extraordinary low cost of £4,150 per mile, being £96,000 for the entire length of 23 1-4 miles, or including rolling stock £115,000. Mr. Nettles strongly opposed the motion of a baronial guarentee proposed by Mr. Brash, but after some discussion a resolution was proposed approving of a guarantee of 4 per cent. upon £145,000 for 21 years, for the construction of a railway from Cork to Macroom by the valley of the Bride, chargeable upon such portions of East and West Muskerry, the north part of Kinalmeaky, and the south of Barret's as may be benefited by the line.

Mr. Roger O'Callaghan, jun., of Gortmore Cottage, killed with a crossline on the Blackwater, on the first and second of this month, the large number of 29 salmon, among which were 12 spring fish.

Mr. John Arnott has been returned as senior alderman of the Centre Ward, Cork, in room of the late Mr. Fitzgibbon.

Donegal.

We learn with much pleasure that Mr. Burke (editor of the *Lamp*) is about to deliver some lectures in different parts of London, in aid of the fund for the suffering people of Donegal.

Down.

The first annual meeting of the Rostrevor ploughing match was held on Mr. W. Clark's farm. Thirteen well appointed ploughs were on the ground, and completed their several lots in a masterly style, after which the judges (Mr. Samuel Carson, of Comber, and Mr. James Sim, of Greenpark, Rostrevor,) entered on their duties. The following prizes were awarded: First prize—Captain Ramsey, Morne Park, Kilkeel; plough held by Alexander Duncan. Second prize—Allan Macdonnell, Esq., Callymagart, Kilkeel; plough held by W. M'Neagh. Third prize—Mr. H. Cole, Drumsesk, Rostrevor; plough held by his son. Fourth prize—Wm. Watson, Esq., Aughavilla, Warrenpoint; plough held by John Walker. Fifth prize—Capt. Ramsey, Morne Park; plough held by George Fyfe. Sixth prize—Wm. Calvert, Rostrevor; plough held by Joseph Cole. The decision of the judges gave general satisfaction.

Dublin.

The author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" is at last to have a monument erected to his memory in the land of his birth. A meeting was held reeently in Dublin, for the purpose of considering a suggestion made by the Earl of Carlisle for the erection of a statue to Oliver Goldsmith, by public subscription, in the neighborhood of Trinity College. The meeting resolved to carry out the suggestion of his Excellency. A committee was appointed, and a subscription list opened. The first name appended was that of the Lord Lieutenant for £100. Several other gentlemen present subscribed £64, few exceeding £1 each.

Kerry.

A very creditable letter, embodying the suggestion of a monument to O'Connell in his native county, signed "A Kerryman," appears in the *Tralee Chronicle*. The following extract puts the proposition before the people of Kerry, and we most earnestly hope it will be responded to with enthusiasm: "How often and how worthily, in our own day, have we seen this duty fulfilled, in the native places of distinguished men. Statues to Moore in Dublin, to Matthew in Cork, to Sarsfield and Fitzgibbon at Limerick, to Watts at Manchester, to Scott at Edinburgh, to Peel at Tamworth, and many other instances elsewhere—attest the ardor with which men claim kindred with heroism and genius, and, no matter how remote the service rendered, the readiness with which men record their lasting gratitude. The fame of O'Connell belongs to all Ireland—the undisputed honor of being his birthplace to Kerry. Nowhere was there a more deep-seated and intense attachment to the person of the Liberator, in his lifetime, than amongst us. I believe, Mr. Editor, the time has come, when we should raise a monument to his memory, and it is the object of this letter humbly to suggest, that a subscription should be at once set on foot for the purpose."

At the Killarney assizes James M'Gillicuddy, a lad of about 16 years of age, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for placing a stone on the rails of the Killarney railway, with intent to upset the train, and to which charge he pleaded guilty.

John Sullivan, the patriarch of the fishermen of Tralee Bay, died recently at the age of 92 years.

Kilkenny.

With feelings of deep and sincere regret we have to record the decease of Joseph Greene, Esq., late resident magistrate of this district, which melancholy event took place early on Sunday morning, the 28th of February, at his residence, Newtown House, in the 75th year of his age.—*Moderator.*

Limerick.

It is gratifying to see some of the best and greatest names in Ireland lending the weight of their influence to erect a monument in Limerick worthy of the brave Sarsfield. The design of paying a tribute to the memory of the brave defender of Limerick, at first local, is investing itself with national importance, and in a short time will be adopted through the length and breadth of the land. Appreciation of distinguished merit, and gratitude for noble services, are conspicuous qualities of the Irish character, and are now awakening a lofty sentiment, amply sustaining its proverbial generosity. The name of William Smith O'Brien is identified with the cause in the South; in the West, that of the great Archbishop of Tuam, and in the North, the name of the Venerable Bishop of Dromore (Dr. Blake.) The following letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam to the Rev. Henry O'Farrell manifest the deep and wide-spread interest taken in the erection of the Sarsfield Monument: "I feel much pleasure in forwarding, through you, my donation towards redeeming the injustice so long done to the great Warrior and Statesman, Sarsfield, in being left without a Monument in the land of his birth which he defended, or a biography in the land of his adoption, which he illustrated."

The Limerick District Military Prison is in future to be confided to a Serjeant Warden. By this arrangement Captain Edwards, for 11 years Governor of the prison, retires on the half pay of his rank, as Captain of the Line.

Queen's County.

A very distructive fire occurred at Mr. Leigh's woollen mill, near Abbeyleix, consuming the entire establishment and contents. At one time the flames threatened to extend to Mr. Leigh's adjoining oatmeal mill, but providentially it was prevented.

Roscommon.

We were prematurely congratulating ourselves on the mildness of the season, for with winter has departed spring, and with spring has come back winter. Frost and snow are now alternating with sleet and sunshine. However, the frost is not so severe as to interfere with the spring sowing, which progresses satisfactorily. On Wednesday the mail did not come until after midday, being delayed by the heavy snow on the road from Mullingar to Longford.—*Messenger.*

Sligo.

At the general election this time twelve months, Mr. P. J. Somers and Mr. Wynne were candidates for Sligo. The former was returned, but was unseated on petition, and Mr. Wynne got the seat. The Mayor of Sligo, John MacGowan, it was discovered, together with his deputies and poll clerks, had entered into a conspiracy to falsify the voting lists. Parties who had tendered their votes for Mr. Wynne were set down as having voted for Mr. Somers, parties who were duly qualified to vote were reiected on coming forward to vote for Mr. Wynne, and others who did not appear at all had their votes recorded in favor of Mr. Somers. For this falsification of the voting lists, criminal proceedings were commenced against Mr. Mac Gowan and others at the late Sligo assizes, and on last Saturday they were all found guilty. The jury unanimously recommended them to mercy, on accouut of their previous good conduct. Mr. Justice Christian sentenced the Mayor to pay a fine of £50, and to be imprisoned for one month. Hugh Connellan and Joseph Foley are to be imprisoned one month, and to pay a fine of £10 each. William Ward and John Bruen are to be imprisoned for two calendar months. The parties, however, are respited till a decision shall be obtained on two points of law raised by their counsel.—*Dublin paper.*

Tipperary.

As a Sergeant of the 39th depot, stationed at Templemore, was putting up a metal target on the rifle ground, the prop gave way, and it fell on him, and broke his leg.

Waterford.

As the Cloda, the new steamer put on the Waterford and Liverpool line, was leaving, on her first voyage, for Liverpool, a sad and, we regret to say, fatal accident occurred at the Quay. A gun was put into position aboard the Shamrock (river steamer) to fire a salute, and being charged, was fired as the Cloda was moving down the river, but from some unexplained cause the gun burst, and a piece of the metal struck a young man named Regan in the head, and killed him almost immediately. Several others were near the gun at the time, but, thanks to a Divine Providence, escaped. So great was the force of the explosion, that a portion of the exploded gun was driven near to Dr. Condell's on the Mall.—*News.*

The Spring assizes commenced on Monday evening, and concluded on Wednesday, after which both judges left town for Clonmel, where they opened the commission. The Waterford assizes was unusually light both as regards civil and criminal business. In

Clonmel, as we are told by one of the barristers on circuit, the business is, if possible, even less than that at our own assizes. This is a convincing proof of the extraordinary peaceable state of the country. And as regards record business, nearly every case of any importance is, we may say, now tried in Dublin. The result is, that the Leinster bar is, every year, "growing small by degrees, and beautifully less."—*Ibid.*

Wexford.

At a meeting (on the 28th February, 1858,) of the tenants of the Ballycanew estate of John Thomas Devereux, Esq., M.P., convened for the purpose of taking into consideration the great and exemplary liberality with which he has treated them—it was unanimously felt that Mr. Devereux was entitled to, and had secured, their deep and lasting gratitude. The facts of the case are simply these: Mr. Devereux recently purchased the Ballycanew property in the Incumbered Estates Court, containing thirty-four holdings, all at a very high range of rents, and contrary to what the tenants on the estate in some degree apprehended (under the circumstances), and in contrast with what most gentlemen placed in that position would have done, Mr. Devereux, in the most prompt and cheerful manner, decided on making an immense sacrifice of income, from the property, in order to afford his tenantry an abatement from the terms of their leases, varying from 15 to 30 per cent., and amounting from 10s. to 20s. per acre. Mr. Devereux accompanied this generous act with an intimation of the most pleasing character, and one which his tenantry appreciate highly, namely—that he would receive the rents personally, and continue the reduction to them so long as the abated rent is punctually paid. Mr. Devereux was influenced in granting this concession by an intelligent reference to the diminished value of agricultural produce, as well as by a kind personal regard for the tenantry, who are so happy as to hold under him. His example in this respect constitutes an illustration initiative for imitation by landed proprietors everywhere, and it is to be hoped that while the *benefit* is in the first instance from him to his tenants, that it will be fully reciprocated from them to him by the the gratitude of their sentiments, the punctuality of their payments, and the superior style in which they will keep and work their respective holdings.—*Independent.*

As a small boy was crossing the mouth of the river at Blackwater, he found left by the receding tide the almost naked body of a female. Information was immediately given to the Constabulary stationed at Blackwater, who had it removed to the late Coast-Guard boat-house near the spot, and procured a shell in which it was placed, to await the arrival of the coroner. The flesh from the hips to the ankles had been completely stripped from the bones, but a pair of long course yarn stockings of a bluish color had preserved the rather small feet from injury, a woman's night dress was also wrapt round the body. The night dress and stockings would lead to the inference that the poor creature had been in bed, when the disaster occurred which deprived her of life. Mr. Brownrigg, coroner, attended, when an inquest was held, and a verdict returned in accordance with the foregoing facts, after which the body was interred in the graveyard of Killila.

Wicklow.

Stratford Lodge, the mansion of the Earl of Aldborough, at Baltinglass, was accidently burned.

FATHER CONWAY IN BALLINROBE.

[*From the Mayo Telegraph.*]

The triumphant acquittal of Father Conway in the Court of Queen's Bench has been a source of universal joy to the thousands of well-wishers which the Rev. gentleman has at home and abroad. His return home was quite an ovation, and the town of Ballinrobe, from an early hour, was astir in preparation for his expected rival. The country people from the surrounding districts crowded into town—leaving their spades and ploughs. The townspeople quit their business to unite in manifesting their joy, and to do honor to their faithful friend and respected pastor. The impatience of the people would not allow of a regular procession being formed—the great object being who should get a first sight of him; and the road was crowded for miles with the concourse of pedestrians and equestrians, who vied with each other to welcome his return, and to record, in a memorable manner, their hatred of priest persecution and political corruption—for it was felt by every one that in the prosecution of Father Conway a blow was aimed, not at an individual, but at the class to which he belongs, and at the cause which he so faithfully and fearlessly represented.

The defeat of this notable project arriving simultaneously with the news of the overthrow of the Palmerston ministry, and the displacement of the mercenary Catholics who served in the pay of the government, worthy of the penal times, when priests were hunted in Mayo like beasts of prey, and had to take shelter in the woods and caverns of the mountains, because of a price being set upon their heads, filled the people with joy.

The joyful news of the glorious victory, and the seemingly providential retribution which overtook so promptly the promoters of priest hunting, caused every pulse to thrill with pleasure, and it was resolved to give a fitting welcome to the champion of the people's cause so happily restored to them. The reception accorded was worthy of the noble people of Ballinrobe and the cause. About one o'clock it was announced in the town by a countryman, who rode a magnificent charger, covered over with laurels, that the Rev. gentleman was approaching the town, by the Roundfort road. The people then rushed out, and receiving accessions as they went along, they met him about three miles from the town, and the greeting bestowed upon him was all that the enthusiasm, love and admiration of an eminently warm-hearted and faithful people could proffer.

The entrance of the cortege into the town was a real ovation, and the mirth of the spectators was not a little excited by two of the most ludicrous effigies ever exhibited, representing Lord Palmerston and Ouseley Higgins. The one stood about five feet nine—a stout, broad-shouldered John Bull; the other, about five feet eleven—a supple-backed, lank, long-legged caricature of humanity—both clad in respectable black; boots well polished, *a la* John Sadlier—the countenances characteristic, having been selected from the stock of masks of a shop in town—each crowned by the most ridiculous old hats that could be obtained. These effigies were borne aloft in triumph on the heads of a couple of active fellows, and paraded before the procession, which traversed the principal streets, amid the cheering and acclamation of the multitude—further enhanced by the smiling faces from the windows, from which flags and handkerchiefs waved as he passed. On Father Conway's arrival at the gate of St. Mary's the people held up in their hands branches of emblematic green, and with a heartfelt cheer carried him in triumph to a large bonfire, which was erected in the centre of the town, immediately opposite the new church, and there committed the effigies to the flames, with due marks of ignominy. Father Conway was then carried to his residence, where he met a large number of the surrounding parishes, and, after a short interval, he received a deputation of the gentlemen of the town, who presented him the accompanying address, and read it aloud for the people, congratulating him upon his triumphant acquittal and happy return:

"Rev. and Dear Father:—Allow us to congratulate you upon your triumphant acquittal of the vile charges which your enemies, and those of our church and country, had heaped against you. Accept our sincere welcome once again to St. Mary's, after defeating the malicious projects of a Whig Minister and his satellites, whom God in His justice has overthrown. Thus may you always be foremost in leading the van in the people's cause—guiding them within the law, and instructing them to assert their rightful privileges against the united confederacy of the corrupt and tyrannical. May your name be a watchword with the people whenever they are assailed, and a terror to those who would tamper with their just rights or seek to coerce them. Thus may the Irish Priest ever merit the pure and sincere affection of a grateful people, and win the applause of all lovers of civil and religious liberty."

To this address the Rev. gentleman replied at considerable length, after which he responded to the enthusiastic welcome of the assembled thousands and spoke substantially as follows:

First, turning to the gentleman who read the address, he begged to thank those whose sentiments they represented, and assured them that he was determined, come wail come woe, not to turn from the course he had hitherto adopted. He then addressed the multitude, and advised them to take care not to sully the glorious triumph they had won by any act of indiscretion, which might give pain to their friends and afford gratification to their enemies. They could afford to enjoy themselves in good humor, and act with moderation. Ballinrobe, though a small speck on the map of Europe, had achieved a great victory, and had won a place of renown in the page of the future historian of Ireland; and the success of its inhabitants was coincident with the overthrow of a government and a minister proud, unscrupulous, and, to all human appearance, the most powerful that ever swayed the destinies of a people. All connected with the priest hunt—from the vain, silly, weak-minded person who presided in London, down to the Mayo place-hunter—have undergone ignominy. Truth and honesty of purpose came forth triumphant, whilst falsehood and corruption had been driven into disgrace. Thank God, the cause of the people and the Irish Church, whose humble minister he was proud to be, had not suffered. The integrity of her ministry had been preserved, and free from stigma. The liberty of the universal church had been threatened—her prestige had been invaded; but her honored flag was still aloft, unblemished in the strife; whilst her enemies, who were gloating by anticipation, had fled in dismay, and were discomfited; and to the prayers of the faithful people of Ireland and their devoted clergy we owe, under Heaven, the victory you are here assembled to celebrate this day. He then bagged in his own name and in the name of their spiritual guide—the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam the father of his people, the advocate of the Irish church, who was this day holding his visitation, and would be, on to-morrow, consecrating virgins to God—whose duty it would be to minister to them in their sick beds, and edncate the young children, many of whom he saw around him that day—that they would show themselves sensible of the proud position they then occupied by abstaining from every infringement of the law, and thereby give the most emphatic contradiction to the calumnies and slanders of their accusers. Thank God, he ran the course, and, like the hair, here he was to be found back again in the *old form.* (Renewed cheering.)

At the conclusion of the address, of which the foregoing is only an outline, loud and prolonged cheers were given for the Archbishop of Tuam, the people of Ireland, the clergy who had sympathized with them; G. H. Moore, who had just arrived amongst them; T. O'Hagan, the other counsel, the solicitor for the defence, the conscientous jurors of Ireland, and T. Donegan of Dublin. Then the crowd separated in the most peaceful and orderly manner. When night came, every house in the entire town and suburbs, save three or four, had their windows brilliantly illuminated. The streets presented the gayest and most cheering aspect, being filled with persons of the most respectable class, who promenaded until an advanced hour, while around the large bonfire music and dancing contributed to the universal joy which hailed the safe return of the Curate of Ballinrobe to the the scene of his labors in the midst of his faithful flock. Well may he be proud of the people, and they of him.

There were a great number of detectives, in respectable habiliments, in the town, and a large force of police; but such was the anxiety of the people to obey the command of his reverence, that each and every one acted as a special constable during the day and night, and well did they keep the pledge they gave in the middle of the day of being *sober* and orderly. Thus were baffled the schemes and arts of their enemies.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Mission at Kilmore.—A Mission was opened at Kilmore, by the Very Rev. Father Gyrotti, the Hon. and Rev. Ignatius Spencer, and the Rev. Father Bernardino, of the Order of Passionists, under most favorable auspices. The Parish Chapel was crowded to excess by the good people of the district, who listened with breathless attention to the eloquent discourses of the reverend and pious missionaries; and notwithstanding the vast crowds in attendance the admirable arrangements of the Rev. Dr. Mayler, Pastor of the Parish, and his Curates, the Rev. Messrs. Kirwan and Gafney, insured the utmost order and regularity.—*Wexford Independent.*

St. Patrick's Young Men's Society, Waterford.—The first annual report of this admirable society gives a very gratifying account of its progress during the past year. It states that "during the year we have had nine guilds and three general Communions. The society at present is numbering six hundred and fifteen brothers, formed into eleven guilds; and it is with much gratification we have to announce that at the close of the year, and at the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, we saw 520 of the brothers present at St. Patrick's Chapel, with extraordinary punctuality fulfilling their duties, and adhering to the rules of the society."

Conversions.—We are able to state that the Rev. Robert Wilson, M. A. of Brighton, and formerly of Staplefield, near Crawley, Sussex, has been received into the Catholic Church. Mr. Wilson was at one time Secretary of St. Nicholas's College, Shoreham, and took an active interest in the educational schemes of Mr. Woodard.—*Weekly Register.*

The Association for the Propagation of the Faith.—The Very Rev. Dr. O'Connell has to acknowlege the receipt of two hundred pounds from his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, for the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

A rich Russian noble, Count de Coucheleff, now at Alexandria, has purchased a considerable piece of ground at Jerusalem, with the intention of building a convent for twenty-two monks, an hospital of fifty beds, and a house for the accommodation of pilgrims and travellers.

The reception of the young and highly accomplished daughter of William O'Callaghan, Esq., of Barn Cottage, adjacent to this town, was celebrated in the private chapel attached to the Convent of Tullow. His lordship, the Right Rev. Doctor Walsh, officiated on the occasion. In the Convent there are about eighty young ladies, resident boarders, all of whom were present on the occasion, in addition to several friends and relatives of the lady received.—*Carlow Post.*

It is with feelings of regret we announce the death on Sunday last of Miss Behan, in religion, Sister Mary Ignatius, aged twenty-eight years. This pious lady, thus carried off by consumption in the bloom of youth, endured with patience her tedious illness, and died the death of the just. She was interred on Tuesday in the Convent Cemetery.—*Ibid.*

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, on his usual Lenten visitation tour, arrived in Castlebar on Monday last. On Tuesday morning he celebrated Mass in the Convent, after which he proceeded to Westport. His Grace looked remarkably well, and appeared in the best possible health and spirits.—*Castlebar Telegraph.*

It is our painful duty to announce the demise of the Rev. John Jennings, P. P., Mayo, which melancholy event took place at his residence on Monday, 1st March.

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam has been engaged in holding the conferences of the several deaneries of the diocese, during the week.—*Tuam Herald.*

Mrs. Jane Cooke was received into the Catholic Church at Adare, by the Rev. Mr. Cregan.—*Munster News.*

The bazaar for the Convent of Mercy realized over £150.—*Ennis Chronicle.*

Domestic.

Death of a Religious.—We regret to record the death of Sister Mary Teresa, (Mary Anne Murray,) who departed this life on the 18th of March. Seven years ago she left Ireland, and was among the first who entered the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, when the Order was established in Providence; she was with the first Sisters who settled in Hartford, and she also founded St. Patrick's free school, in Hew Haven. May she rest in peace.

Laying of a Corner-Stone.—At Ellicott's Mills, Md., on Easter Sunday, at 4 o'clock, P.M., the Rev. A. Verot will bless the corner-stone of an additional building at the Academy of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. The new building will have a front of 80 feet, and is expected to be completed on the 15th of September.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

March 9, at St. Thomas's Church, Dublin, by the Rev. C. S. Stanford, D.D., John Sloan, Esq., of Tullyweeny House, county Tyrone, to Frances, relict of Richard Arthur Annesley, Esq., of Newcastle, county Down.

March 9 in St. Thomas's Church, John, son of the late Thomas Adams, Esq., of Ratheonnell, county Westmeath, to Lissie, daughter of Captain Stevens, of Lower Gloucester street.

February 23, in Collooney, Thomas Hamilton, Esq., Constabulary, to Frances Mary, daughter of William Armstrong, Esq., M.D., Collooney.

DEATHS.

March 2, in Fontainebleau, the Rev. William Radcliffe Smith, rector of Hollymount, county Mayo.

March 3, in Stephen's green, Dublin, aged 73 years, Clements, widow of Evans Kettlewell, Esq., formerly of Thomastown, county of Meath.

March 7, in Fitzwilliam square, Alicia, relict of Rev Thomas Blakeney.

February 26, in Cabra road, Fanny Maria, wife of Richard Twigg Hunt, Esq.

March 9, at 24 Lower Ormond quay, Maryanne, relict of John M'Namara.

March 1, at Kingstown, aged 76 years, Rose, relict of Lawrence Strange, Esq., Aylwardstown, county Kilkenny, and last surviving daughter of the late Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq., Geraldine, county Kildare.

March 2, Henry Hurst, Esq., Grenville st., Dublin.

March 4, at 23 York place, Edinburgh, James McGlashan, the eminent publisher, late of Upper Sackville street, Dublin.

March 6, at his residence, 4 Talbot street, Mr. Samuel Orson, aged 45 years, sincerely regretted by all who knew him.

March 4, at Emerald Cottage, Kingstown, Ellen Moriarty, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Moriarty, Esq., M.D

March 5, at Cross avenue, Blackrock, aged 74, John Hoskins, Esq., M.D.

March, 5, in Nutgrove, Rathfarnham, aged 92, Mary, relict of Wm. Harley, Esq., of Gorey, county Wexford.

March 8, at Sussex place, Kingstown, Mary, wife of Mr. Patrick O'Brien. May she rest in peace.

March 8, at his residence, Sweetmount House, Dundrum, Edmond Moore Eyre, Esq., deservedly regretted.

February 25, at her residence, Killone, Mary Ellen, daughter of the late Joseph Dunne, Esq., of Killone, Queen's County.

February 27, Ellen Maguire, widow of Jas. Maguire, of Kilcullen bridge, county Kildare, aged 78 years.

February 28, at Larne, county Antrim, Mary, daughter of the late Richard Manifold, Esq., of Ballymoney, county Wicklow.

March 2, at Peafield, Miss Eleanor Lawrenson, daughter of the late Edward Lawrenson, Esq., of Rathmoyle, Queen's County.

March 2, in Tipperary, Cornelius Ryan, Esq., father to the Rev. J. A. Ryan, C.C., of Waterford City.

March, 3, in Kilkenny, Henry Jas. Loughman, Esq.

March 3, rather suddenly, Michael M'Donagh, Esq., brother of the late Dr. M'Donagh, of the 37th regiment, and of the late parish priest of Firies, Father Tom M'Donagh.

March 5, at Kilcoleman Park, Anna Maria, relict of Vincent Lamb, Esq., of Youghal, County Cork, aged 82 years.

March 6, at Colgath House, county Meath, Francis Freeman, Esq.

March 8, at Prospect Place, Newry, Elizabeth, wife of John Buchanan, Esq.

March 5, in Hackney, London, John, son of the late Alexander M'Kee, Esq., of Moneymore, in the county of Londonderry.

February 25, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, Elizabeth Frances, only surviving child of the late Rev. John Beamish of Kinsale.

February 28, at Ballyjamesduff, after severe illness, which was borne with the fortitude and resignation of a true Christian, Judith, the beloved wife of Thomas Murphy, Esq., merchant, in her 61st year. May she rest in peace.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Gipsy Weddings.—The Gipsy usually marries at the age of from twelve to fifteen years. His sister, if she pleases him, may become his wife. In this respect relationship is disregarded, but the bride must belong to the race of Roma. The Gipsy father, wishing his daughter to marry so as to be sure of a support, prefers an enterprizing man, whether he be a horse-jockey, gold-washer, or vagrant in general. The mother on the lookout for a rich husband for her girl, is not satisfied with the owner of less than a single donkey, whose intrinsic value, indeed, no one but a Gipsy could compute. The Gipsy maiden, if any rosy dreams of matrimony have floated around her tangled locks, desires, like her fair-faced sisters, a handsome man. A set of bright buttons, a laced coat ever so ragged, or a stolen cap set off with a fine feather, have more influence in winning her heart than the possession of a score of donkeys or the highest skill in smithing and fiddling. But the Gipsy himself is more sharp-eyed and calculating. The care and labor of supporting the family will fall principally upon the wife, and the more active she be, the more time will the husband have to doze in the sunshine. Cunning he therefore estimates higher than beauty, and prizes nimble fingers and heels more than modest looks and sparkling eyes. The belle of every wandering tribe of Gipsies is its trickiest thief and artfulest fortune-teller. Her possession as a bride often occasions ferocious and bloody conflicts. The rivals challenge each other to combat, and inflict terrible wounds with their bony fists and short knives. The dusky maiden cheers them on, and becomes the wife of the victor.—*Young Men's Magazine.*

A Woman Condemned for Foretelling a Revolution.—A singular trial has just taken place at Rheims. A woman named Lorinet, whose husband was condemned to transportation so long ago as 1854, for belonging to a secret society (no other offence), said, in the shop of a barber named Jesson, on January 14th, a few hours before the attempt was made upon the Emperor's life, that something remarkable would occur in Paris between the 15th and 20th January, which would lead to a revolution. The barber Jesson, who had himself been arrested as a member of a secret society in 1854, repeated to several customers what Madame Lorinet had said. They were now both tried for "false news, of a nature to disturb the public peace." Their counsel urged that whatever might be the culpability of his clients, they were not guilty of "false news," because, unfortunately, an event very likely to lead to a revolution was perpetrated on the evening of the 14th, and was publicly known in Paris on the 15th. The Court, however, condemned the prisoners for the sole fact of the false news, and sentenced Madame Lorinet to three months' imprisonment, with a fine of 500 francs, and Jesson to six months' imprisonment, with a fine to the same amount. The public prosecutor took occasion to say that at first it was hoped that foreigners only were guilty of the odious crime, but that judicial inquiries had now demonstrated the fact that the attack upon the Emperor was expected by the revolutionary party throughout France, and that they were in readiness to act as soon as the success of the crime should be announced.

Outwitting a Gamekeeper.—A remarkably cool, but at the same time clever case on the part of a determined poacher, in outwitting a gamekeeper, has just come to our knowledge, says the *Stirling Journal*. The fellow was hard up, and conceived the idea of getting himself splendidly attired in broadcloth, and sallying forth about midday with a gun and two dogs to an estate on which the proprietor was not resident the poacher had a few hours' sport undisturbed, and succeeded in bagging a considerable number of hares, besides other game. Just as he was preparing to return home, the gamekeeper made his appearance, but the poacher seemed not to be daunted, for he very politely told the keeper that he had been looking for him all day, and was glad to see him, as he had lost his road, and would feel obliged if he (the gamekeeper) would show him the way, and he would intimate his kindness to his master, Mr. ——. The gamekeeper considered the poacher a gentleman, and at once not only showed him the road, but proffered to carry the bag, which he took from the poacher's shoulders, and carried it five miles. The two then parted, but the poacher before going away, remarked that he had no change, or else he would have rewarded the keeper for his trouble, but that he would see him soon and would give him something handsome. Only fancy the chagrin of the keeper when he came to learn whose bag he had carried.

Soldiering Provocative of Fatalism.—"Some of my old dragoons," said a Prussian colonel to me one day, "were the most phlegmatic men alive. They could not move with the rapidity of the French, but in everything done by rule they were excellent soldiers. I had men that would sit their horses and smoke unconcernedly within the range of shot and shell. I once saw a shell fall in front of the line, the fuse burning, the explosion threatening death to the men, still there they sat in perfect steadiness, an old trooper smoking his pipe, and glancing at the shell undisturbed, it burst and took off the four legs of his horse, killing the man nearest to him. He got up, shook himself, and went to the rear grumbling 'curse the shell it has broke my pipe.' All old soldiers are fatalists; if they are to be hit they will be hit, and no escape."—*Fifty Years' Recollections.*

Pride of Ancestry.—An anecdote is told of a gentleman in Monmouthshire, which exhibits the pride of his ancestry in a striking point of view. His house was in such a state of dilapidation that the proprietor was in danger of perishing under the ruins of the ancient mansion, which he venerated even in decay. A stranger, whom he accidentally met at the foot of the Skyrrid, made various inquiries respecting the country, the prospects, and the neighboring houses, and, among others, asked—"Whose is this antique mansion before us?" That, sir, is Werndee, a very ancient house; for out of it came the Earls of Pembroke of the first line, and the Earls of Pemroke of the second line, the Lord Herberts of Cherbury, the Herberts of Coldbrook, Ramsay, Cardiff, and York; the Morgans of Acton; the Earl of Hunsdon; the houses of Ircowm and Lanarth, and all the Powells. Out of this house also, by the female line, came the Duke of Beaufort." "And pray, sir, who lives there now?" "I do, sir." "Then pardon me, and accept a piece of advice; come out of it yourself, or you'll soon be buried in the ruins of it."

Scenes in Ireland—Holy Cross Abbey.—On the green banks of the Suir is the noble ruin of one of the monastic houses of Old Ireland. It is the Abbey of Holy Cross. This Abbey was founded in the year 1182, by Donald O'Brien, King of North Munster, and the charter of its found tion was witnessed by Gregory, Abbot of Holy Cross, Maurice, Archbishop of Cashel, and Britius, Bishop of Limerick. It is said that Murtagh, a former monarch, received from Pope Pascal, in 1110, a piece of the true Cross. This relic, set in gold and adorned with precious stones, was long an object of veneration throughout Ireland. Numerous pilgrims, among whom were the Desmonds and the great O'Neil, flocked to pay their devotions before it. Here it remained until the period of the Reformation, when it was saved from destruction by the Ormond family, and was eventually restored to the Roman Catholic hierarchy, to which it formerly belonged. From this relic the Abbey takes its name. The Abbot, who sat as Baron in Parliament, was styled Earl of Holy Cross, and was also Vicar-General of the Cistercian Order in Ireland.

Heroism of Madame Murat.—When the reverses of the French, and the advance of the Austrian Army, overthrew the government of Murat, the Queen, with an energy worthy of her brother Napoleon, was on horseback throughout the whole day, and remained to the last hour, visiting every post, and assuring herself of the vigilance of all the authorities, till the approach of the Austrians drove her to her ship. On this occasion, she assembled the national guard herself, and assuming their uniform, addressed them in a speech full of spirit and eloquence. Her life was in danger to the moment she capitulated to Captain Campbell of the Tremendous, who received her and her children on board his ship, and whose conduct was of the most gallant and generous kind.

Napoleon's Escape at a Boar Hunt.—On one occasion while hunting the wild boar at Marly, all his suite were put to flight; it was like the flight of an army. The Emperor, with Soult and Berthier, maintained their ground against three enormous boars. "We killed all three; but I received a hurt from my adversary, and nearly lost this finger," said the Emperor, pointing to the third finger of his left hand, which indeed bore the mark of a severe wound. "But the most laughable circumstance of all, was to see the multitude of men, surrounded by their dogs, screen themselves behind us, and calling out lustily, 'Save the Emperor! save the Emperor!' while not one advanced to my assistance."

Decay of Families.—A Duchess de Saint Simon is a housekeeper at Belleville. The heir of the last Doge of Venice is a perfumer at Saint Denis. The keys of Venice, gilt with care, confided to the hereditary keeping of the family, repose beneath a glass shade on the mantelpiece in his back shop. The Captal de Bue, a unique title, one of the noblest in France, is a little actor on little wages at the little theatre of Beaumarchais; and the granddaughter of a Duchess de San Severino works by the day at a fashionable milliner's. We may add to the above, the sole descendant of the beautiful Aisse, who was asked in marriage by the Prince de Condi, earns a pitiful living at Chailet.—*Court Journal.*

Ice-Bound.—On the evening of the 24th February, the attention of some persons was attracted to an object in a pond in a brickyard near Barnsley. On proceeding to examine it, they found a man up to the neck in water, with a collar of ice round his neck which kept him fixed as in a vice. He was taken out quite insensible, and prompt efforts were made to restore him, but four hours elapsed before he recovered. He turned out to be a blacksmith from Silkstone, and he had fallen into the pond while returning home in a state of intoxication.

A Reverse.—At the spring assizes, at Liverpool, last year, Baron Martin, as judge, and Mr. Monk, of Preston, as grand juror, shared the hospitality of the Mayor of Liverpool, by dining together at the Town Hall in that town. After a short interval of about ten months Baron Martin presides in the Crown Court at Lancaster, and sentences Mr. Monk to transportation for life for forgery.—*Preston Chronicle.*

Sound Reporting.—Walls (says the *Builder*) have ears—especially those in a whispering gallery. In fact, the walls of the latter in St. Paul's may be cited for their extreme accuracy in reporting from beginning to end every little word they hear, amongst the very best reporters we have in the gallery.

The Parricide's Death.—The 13th article of the Penal Code, which was read at the trial of the conspirators against the Emperor, runs thus: "The criminal condemned to death for parricide shall be conducted to the place of execution in his shirt, with his head and feet bare, and covered with a black veil. He shall be exposed on the scaffold while an officer of the court reads to the people present the sentence of condemnation, and he shall be immediately afterwards executed."

Cheap Jewels.—The *Court Journal* says: "Opals may be had at this moment in Paris at less than half the usual value. This is said to be owing to the impression which has got abroad, and which has come from Russia, that it is the *pierre de malheur!* carrying misfortune to those who wear it. The Empress is even said to have joined in this wild superstition, and foresworn the wearing of the beautiful *parure* of this stone she had just formed from the re-setting of several others."

Singular Tree.—In the island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable, called "the sorrowful tree," because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet after half an hour it is full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, and others close up, and others continue flowering in the night, during the whole year.

Time-Keeper.—The first sun dial ever seen at Rome was the erection of the temple dedicated to Quirinus by Papirius Cursor, to commemorate his victory over the Samnites B.C. 294. Before this period the progress of the day was noted by three intervals: the rising and setting of the sun, and the time of noon, which was proclaimed by the consular heralds when his disk appeared between the rostra and the house appointed for the reception of ambassadors.

Enormous Price Paid for a Book.—At an auction of books held recently at Paris, a copy of "Guttenberg's Psalter," printed in 1461, at Mayence, was sold for 14,500fr. (£600), after M. de Rothschild had bid for it in vain 14,000fr. Some few years ago the Baron made a similar unsuccessful bidding for the "Catholicon" of the same printer. Of "Guttenberg's Psalter," only four, of the "Catholicon" only three copies are known to exist.—*Illustrated Inventor.*

Nena Sahib's Palace at Bithoor.—A sergeant in the 93rd, writing from Bithoor to his wife at Inverness, says: "We left the road by which we advanced, for the purpose of paying a visit to the country residence of Nena Sahib. His splendid palace is now a heap of ruins. We burned every stick of it, and blew down the very walls. It is supposed there is a quantity of treasure hid hereabouts, and we are using every effort to discover it."

A Relic of '98.—A man named Garrett Fitzsimons, herd to Mr. Adam Hamilton, of Navan, while cleaning out a manure pit, which was on the very spot where the fighting was fiercest at Tara in '98, found about two-thirds of a chain-ball which must have weighed some six pounds in its integrity. It is in excellent preservation and is now in the possession of the proprietor of this journal.—*Meath People.*

Arab Proverbs.—If your friend is made of honey do not eat him all up. If you travel through the country of the blind, be blind yourself. When you are the anvil, have patience; when you are the hammer strike straight and well. He who cannot take a hint, cannot comprehend a long explanation. Take counsel of one greater, and one less than yourself, and afterwards form your own opinion.

The German Wife.—Mrs. Cross, speaking of the middle classes of Germany, says: "I have known a lady to have the care of her children, and the charge of her whole house; to do the cooking, dusting, brushing, scouring, polishing the floors, and to be up at five o'clock every morning blacking her husband's boots!"

A Scotch Cannibyl.—A lady advertises in the *Glasgow Herald*, that she wants a gentleman for "breakfast and tea."

How to make Money.—Get a situation in the Mint.

The *Official Journal of the Two Sicilies* of the 18th of February publishes a complete list of all the victims of the memorable earthquake of December 16th, 1857. The total number of dead amounts to 9,350, and the wounded to 1,359. It appears throughout the list that, contrary to what is the case in battles and other circumstances in which human life is at stake, the number of dead has greatly exceeded that of the persons more or less seriously injured. Thus, at Montemurro, a place of 7,000 inhabitants, 5,000 were crushed to death by the falling houses, and 500 severely injured.

We are glad to learn that our distinguished countrymen, Mr. Eugene Curry, one of the most erudite of Celtic scholars, is likely to obtain the prize which the government of Copenhagen offered some time since for records to illustrate the early history of the Danes, having accidentally discovered some ancient Irish MSS., written after the battle of Clontarf, which eventuated in the death of Brian Boroumha and the expulsion of the Danes. Mr. Curry is a native of the county of Clare, and, with the exception of John O'Donovan, is the greatest Irish scholar living.

A new sect has been formed in Wurtemburg under the name of "Friends of Jerusalem," and with the object of constructing the Temple of Jerusalem, so as to fulfil the prophecies. It has already sent out a commission to undertake the rebuilding of the Temple of Solomon, but it has only been able to raise 5,420 florins for the purpose.

At a recent examination at Marlborough House Grammar School, a piece written for the occasion, entitled "The Devil's Address to Nena Sahib," was to have been recited by two pupils. Only one of the pupils came forward, Mr. Barrett stating that he could not prevail upon any pupil to take the part of Nena Sahib, they having such an abhorrence to the character, but several offered to take the part of the Devil.

The farms on the estates of the Earl of Fife in Scotland, which had just run out of lease, have been leased again for nineteen years, chiefly to the former tenants, at rents ranging from 200 to 300 per cent. above the former rates. A similar rise of rents has taken place in several other parts of Scotland.

Abd-el-Kader, like Cæsar, wields the pen as well as the sword. He has written a book in Arabic, entitled "Considerations on Philosophy, Religion, and History." The MS. is deposited in the Imperial Library in Paris, but a translation by the celebrated Oriental scholar, M. Gustave Dugal, will shortly be published.

The committee ordered by the Emperor of the French to prepare for publication the correspondence of Napoleon the First is about to issue the first volume of its interesting labors. The Emperor himself has revised the press. This first volume is said to contain a great number of hitherto unknown documents.

A very beautiful armory, made of ebony and cypress wood, ornamented with precious stones, being the same which was offered to Gustavus Adolphus by the city of Augsburg, in 1632, has been brought to London. It is said to have been brought direct from the University of Upsal.

General Changarnier has refused the offer of the Emperor Napoleon to return to France. He has made this announcement in the *Independence*, in a letter which contains allusions to France not possessing laws protecting the dignity and safety of her inhabitants.

A number of French engineers and workmen under the guidance of M. Degoussee, are going to the desert of Zahara, with a view to pierce artesian wells, and establish in that wilderness an oasis here and there, if practicable.

A graceful sarcophagus is now finished in the Church of Rueil, France, to enshrine the ashes of Queen Hortense, who sleeps on one side of the altar, the Empress Josephine having her resting place opposite.

From Vienna we learn that 6,000 men, belonging to the army, are to be employed in taking down the ramparts of that city, as lately decided on. The work will be commenced in the spring.

But a few weeks have elapsed since the Queen of Oude died in Paris. We have now to record the death of the elder of the Princes now in England. He was brother to the King and general of the Oude native force.

A new paper, in competition with the long-established *Illustrated London News*, has made its appearance, and claims rivalry in every respect with its elder brother: it is called the *Illustrated News of the World.*

The *Journal of St. Petersburg* publishes an imperial decree, sanctioning the establishment of two new railway companies, under the names of the Vienna, Warsaw, and Bromberg Companies.

A beautiful inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian graveyard: "Here lies Etella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity and has gone thither to enjoy it."

Since the death of the Duke of Devonshire, one hundred men, seventy-five labcrers and twenty-five mechanics, have been discharged from Lismore Castle.

In consequence of the disturbance which took place recently in the military college of Turin, that establishment has been dissolved, and it is to be re organized on a new basis.

The Commanding Officer of a distinguished infantry regiment in India is to be tried for cowardice. Cowardice is by no means a novelty in the British army.

It is said that, owing to a falling off in the supply of rat-skins in Paris, this season, there will probably be a rise in the price of "extra fine *kid* gloves."

Ira Aldridge, the sable tragedian, is at present in Berlin, where he succeeds in attracting crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

Since the 1st of January last an illustrated journal, in the Arabic language, has appeared at Beyrout.

The amount paid by the theatres of Paris during 1857 to their various authors was close upon £40,000 sterling.

It is said that Mr. Dallas is the contributor of some of the articles which have appeared on America in the London *Morning Star.*

It is said that a Greek lawyer has made a motion in the Supreme Court of Athens for the reversal of the sentence against Socrates.

9,000 men will come home this year invalided from India, and the British government are preparing accommodation for them at Chatham.

General de Langeron, commander of the Legion of Honor, has just died on his estate of Miremon, near Orleans, at the age of 86.

Macaulay's History of England, translated into Italian, has just been printed in Piedmont.

Marshal Bosquet has lost the use of one side from paralysis.

Louis Napoleon is now saluted as Emperor of France and Dictator of England!

HOME MISCELLANY.

CAVERNS.—Few natural objects have more awakened the curiosity of travellers, and excited the imagination of visitors, than the hollow places, and subterranean passages common to districts which have been subject to great physical commotions. "Their seclusion and gloom, their fantastic architecture, the effect of torch-light upon their numerous crystalizations, the augmentation of sound and its reverberation, together with their unknown extent in many cases, contribute to invest the cavities of the earth with exciting interest." The most stupendous cavern in America is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. It is near Green River, one hundred and thirty miles south-southwest of Lexington. It has been penetrated nine or ten miles, and has many windings that have not been explored. The depth is sixty or seventy feet. It contains figures, some of which are of immense size and fantastic form; but is more remarkable for its extent than the variety or beauty of its productions, having none of the beautiful stalactites found in many other caves. The earth is strongly impregnated with saltpeter, and large quantities of it are manufactured. The table-land of Quito, in Mexico, is surrounded by the most powerful volcanoes on the earth. Condamine believed that a considerable portion of the district was to be regarded as the dome of an enormous vault; and Parrot has shown it to be highly probable, by a careful observation, that a cavity of at least a cubic mile and a half exists beneath its surface From the discovery of America to the year 1759, the plain of Malpais, a volcanic district in Mexico, had remained undisturbed, and was covered with plantations of indigo and sugar-cane at the latter period. In the month of June a succession of earthquakes commenced, and on the night of September the 28th a tract not less than from three to four miles in extent rose up in the shape of a dome; and six great masses suddenly appeared, having an elevation of from 1,312 to 1,640 feet above the original level of the plain. The most elevated of these is the volcano of Jorullo, which is constantly burning, the projection of which, with its kindred masses, must have created a considerable subterranean vacuity, and probably the whole dome-shaped plain of Malpais is hollow. Hence it is a common event, in countries subject to great volcanic activity, for portions of the surface to fall in, the subsidence frequently becoming the bed of a lake. Cavern formations are very common in the volcanic rocks. The well-known Cave of Fingal, in the Island of Staffa, is one of the most splendid examples in the world. The basaltic columns have, in various places, yielded to the action of the waves, which have scooped out caves of the most picturesque description. Caverns, especially those which are situated in limestone, commonly present the formations called stalactites, from a Greek word signifying distillation or dropping. —*Life Illustrated.*

SNOW-SHOE RACES AT MONTREAL.—Among the winter sports of Canada, the Montreal *Pilot* gives the following account of the annual races of the Montreal Shoe Club, at Ouinet's Race-Course, near Mile-End: "The day was rather cold, yet notwithsanding this at least a thousand persons were present to witness the feats of speed in this manly and exhilirating exercise. The first race was a distance of four miles, and nine Indians from Caughnawaga entered for it. The start was good, and for a considerable distance the same position was maintained. The first mile was accomplished in six minutes twenty seconds; the second in eight minutes twenty-two seconds; the third in nine minutes thirty seconds; the fourth was exciting, the contest being very close. The Indian who came in victor during the three previous miles, ar d for a long distance on the fourth, was the third, but, when within half a mile of the stand, he made a dash, and took the lead, which he kept, and came in some ten yards ahead of the second Indian, and fifteen ahead of the third. The last mile occupied but seven minutes and ten seconds, and the four miles were accomplished in thirty-one minutes twenty-two seconds. The next was a hurdle race over four three feet hurdles; the prize being ten dollars. Preparations for this race were made by six whites and three Indians; it was a most exciting struggle—the first hurdle was leapt almost simultaneously by all the competitors, but between the first hurdle and the second, distances were changed, Mr. Brown keeping first, followed by Mr. Murray, who fell while clearing the third hurdle, and the Indian who was following having trodden on his snow-shoe. He was up in an instant, however, but Mr. Brown was now leading, and in spite of Mr. Murray's efforts came in first. The most exciting race of the day then took place. It was for the Club Cup. For this race there entered Messrs. Coffin, Barnston, Brown and Rintoul. The start was good, and Indian file was kept for the first half-mile, when Mr. Barnston took the lead, followed closely by Mr. Coffin. A desperate struggle for the supremacy then took place, but when within twenty yards of the winning post, Mr. Barnston gave up exhausted, and Mr. Coffin came in first, and was presented with the cup."

FIRST ITALIAN COLONY IN AMERICA.—A vessel lately left Genoa, containing a colony of Italians, who are to found a town in Mexico on the "River Tecolutla," by the name of "Luisa degl' Italiani." It is a singular fact, that in the country discovered by the "Genoese Columbus," and named after "Americo Vespucci," not even a village has existed in which the Italian flag has waved, or the language of "Dante" been spoken.

THE MAYOR OF LOUISVILLE FORBIDS CAPTAIN TRAVIS'S GREAT SHOOTING MATCH.—A Capt. Travis having advertised extensively that he would, on a certain day, shoot, on a wager, an orange from the head of a boy at Louisville, the Mayor of that city has forbidden the experiment, and ordered the police to arrest the parties. In his proclamation he says: "By the newspapers, and from other satisfactory information, it is ascertained that an unusual, dangerous, and probably murderous experiment is now in progress, on a wager, of shooting, with a pistol ball, an orange from the head of a human being, and also from each of his hands, by another human being, upon a trial of skill in the use of the pistol; and whereas this experiment is at the imminent peril of life, and to the great terror and horror of the good and conscientious and law-abiding people of this city, and as the safety of life and property is by law placed under the protection of the Mayor and Police, the Mayor hereby commands you to arrest all persons engaged in said experiment." The above is a very commendable proceeding on the part of the Mayor.

WHY COUSINS SHOULD NOT MARRY.—In the annual report of the Superintendent of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is the following argument against the marriage of cousins: "From ten to twenty per cent. of deaf mutes are the children of cousins. It is greatly to be regretted that the law forbidding the marriage of first cousins did not pass the recent legislature. These marriages are violations of the law of nature, as is evidenced by the affliction visited in almost every case upon their offspring in deafness, blindness, and idiocy—and ought to be a violation of human laws also. The commonwealth has a clear right to protect itself against these ill-starred matches, whose offspring it has to sustain, frequently for life. It may be hoped that this important subject will not escape the action of our legislators many years longer. It is confidently believed that by forbidding marriage of this kind, and by proper attention and care of infants laboring under the disease stated, the number of deaf mutes in the community might be diminished by one-half in a generation."

A YOUNG GOURMAND.—The New Bedford *Mercury* says, it has recently been made acquainted with facts in relation to a juvenile of that place, whose eating propensities exceed even those of Dickens's "fat boy." He is thirteen years of age, well formed, and weighs 80 lbs. Here is a bill of fare, which he entirely demolished a few weeks since by way of lunch, viz.: 2 quarts beef soup, 6 3-4 lbs. beef, 12 biscuits, and a quantity of citron; having taken as a preparatory, half a pound of raisins, and four greening apples. On another occasion he devoured 2 large sausages, raw, 1 lb. head cheese, 1 pint of scollops, raw, and 4 apples, before taking his regular dinner, which he enjoyed as usual. By way of ordering lunches, he has been known to make way with, in two days, 100 doughnuts, 50 one cent cakes, and 4 mince pies. A seven pound turkey barely supplied him for a dinner. He has no fondness for tea or coffee, and never drinks water at his meals.

A CURIOUS AFFAIR.—The Newport *Spectator* says there is a young man in a town of Vermont who cannot speak to his father. Previous to his birth some difference arose between his mother and her husband, and for a considerable time she refused to speak to him. The difficulty was subsequently healed—the child was born, and in due time began to talk—but when sitting with his father was invariably silent. It continued so till it was five years old, when the father, having exhausted his powers of persuasion, threatened it with punishment for its stubbornness. When the punishment was inflicted, it elicited nothing but sighs and groans which told but too plainly that the little sufferer was vainly endeavoring to speak.

A YANKEE TRICK.—When the famous Charter Oak at Hartford, Conn., fell, pilgrims to that ancient and fallen shrine were fain to possess some relic in shape of an acorn or a piece of its wood. The Corporation of Hartford had a liberal portion of the trunk, which they authorized a chair-maker, named Most, to convert into a sort of throne for the Mayor. A few days since, the chair being completed, Most sent in his bill to the Common Council, claiming $376 for the chair, intimating that he is not particular about their paying it, as he can sell the chair for $500 to some liberal persons whose money is freely spent for antiquarian relics. "Most" too cute for the Corporation.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—If there be one thing more than another in which the mind and feelings of the present age are defective, it is in the element of reverence, of respect for old traditions, which form half the beauty and nearly all the poetry of existence, and without which, religion itself would be but cold and lifeless. Therefore, it is that we would see all the old national saint's day's kept up—we would like to see the Irishman and his descendants warm to the name of St. Patrick, and love the shamrock from which the missionary himself drew that most beautiful illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity.—*Wilmington Journal.*

READ THEM.—One of our exchanges justly remarks, that those who fail to read the advertisements in newspapers often lose more than they imagine. Advertisements are printed to be read just as much as any other items of news, and it is just as essential to read them. There is not an advertisement printed that is not of importance to some one. Nothing speaks more clearly of a man's prosperity in business than the manner in which he advertises. Don't fail to read them.

THE NEW CAPITAL OF KANSAS.—Minneola, the new capital of Kansas, is situated about twenty miles from Lawrence, near Centropolis. It has 2,000 acres of land for its site. No houses, we believe, as yet. A correspondent of the Leavenworth *Herald* says the bill fixing this location for the new capital "passed very curiously, vote after vote being taken, and members one after another voted for this place." Gov. Denver vetoed the bill, but the Legislature again passed it by a two-thirds vote in both Houses. The same correspondent, in another connection, says: "A great deal of outside pressure is here, and much intrigue and dishonesty are displayed."

A FIGHT IN THE TENNESSEE SENATE.—A fight occurred in the Tennessee Senate recently, which is reported in the Nashville *Patriot*. Mr. Whitthorne rose to a point of order. Mr. Walker interrupting, said the gentleman from Maury had risen to a point of order but was proceeding to the discussion of something else. Mr. Whitthorne replied, that showed how little he knew about it. Mr. Walker rejoined that Mr. Whitthorne had been drunk all the morning, and wondered if he thought him so. Mr. Whitthorne retorted that it was a lie, whereupon Mr. Walker struck him in the face with a book, and the parties clinched. They were separated without material injury to either.

DEFORMED CHILDREN IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—It has been frequently affirmed by foreigners that the modes of education in the United States do not develope the physical equally with the mental constitution, if they do not fail even to preserve the bodily health of the children. Some person who has made the statistics of the subject a matter of investigation has stated that more than one half of the children of the public schools born in this country, and who are twelve years old and upwards, are either diseased or deformed. The reason assigned for this is bad air from rooms not properly ventilated, close sleeping rooms, crowded school rooms, want of proper exercise, &c.

AN AWKWARD FIX.—A letter from Greytown says: "On the 24 inst. a couple of black men went out shooting across the lagoon at the back of the town. At dusk one returned and stated that the other must have lost himself. Guns were fired all night, and in the morning a number of men started to find him. They found him midway to the top of a high stump, to which he had been confined all night by the presence of a couple of tigers. The animals made off on the near approach of the men, who were all well armed.

BUFFALO RUM.—It appears that the liquor sold in Buffalo is perfectly "orful." The *Advertiser* gives the following description of it: "The brandy is poison, the whiskey of that variety known as 'hardware'—strychnine would improve it—and the gin is kept in *glass bottles* simply because it would eat through the staves of a barrel in fifteen minutes."

A CLEAN SHAVE.—General Lee one day found Dr. Cutting, an army surgeon, who was a handsome and dressy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass. "Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation." "Why, General?" "Why?" replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on the earth."

THE TORONTO ST. PATRICK'S DAY MURDER.—The last victim of Orange sanguinary violence, poor Sheedy, was buried on Sunday. We learn that upwards of six thousand men followed his remains to the grave—undisturbed, for a wonder, by the Orangemen.—*New Era.*

WHAT WE MAY COME TO.—Member of Congress (about to enter the House) to a friend: "Just my luck; I have left my knife and slung-shot in my other coat at the hotel. Just wait here till I go and get 'em—I won't be a minute, and it won't do to go without 'em."

A retired baker, whose dough has nearly run out, and who feels that his practices in this world entitle him to a warm berth in the sulphureous oven in the next, would strive to make amends for his past life, and purposes to do so by telling his brother kneaders of the dough of prosperity, how they can grow rich without reducing their loaves to the size of walnuts, and the puffing them up to the dimensions of cocoa-nuts by means of saleratus and other inflating devices. Make large bread, and let it be of good, sweet flour, and your customers will increase and multiply so rapidly that you will get your merited reward in the smiles of fortune and the approbation of your fellow-men. Try the advice of a retired baker, and, his word for it, you will decide that it is "as good as wheat."

General Twiggs, for alleged contempt of the War Department, is to be tried by Court Martial at Newport Barracks, Newport, Ky., on the 10th of April next. The circumstances are understood to be briefly as follow: Gen. Twiggs found fault with the result of a Court of Inquiry held on an officer of his division. The War Department disapproved then of Twigg's course, censured him for it, and ordered him to publish the censure in a general order. This he did, but adding critical comments which are considered disrespectful and insubordinate.

A man, calling himself "Elijah, the Prophet," made his appearance in the streets of St. Louis, recently, dressed in a red robe, and drawing crowds after him. He wore his hair and beard long, both reaching nearly to his waist. For fear of a disturbance, which at one time seemed imminent, he was invited by the police to sojourn at the Calaboose during his residence in that city. After the excitement ceased, the Prophet was discharged, and left the city for some more genial latitude.

Two gentlemen took the cars at Portland for Boston, the other day, and entered into conversation on the route. When they reached the depot at Boston, they found they were both going to the same street in Charleston. It proved finally that they were destined to the same house, and when they arrived there they were introduced to each other as brothers by the gentleman of the house, also a brother. Neither of the three had met the others for 24 years. They were Scotchmen. The one at Charleston had been in this country 19 years; one of the others had just arrived from Egypt, where he had been in the service of the Pasha for 22 years; and the other had spent 16 years in the East Indies.

A number of novel excursions are being planned in this country and England. One party proposes to start in April to hunt lions tigers and other wild animals in Africa, and another project is an excursion to the Mediterranean in the steamer Eriesson, leaving New York about the first of May, and returning about the first of August. The programme is to touch at Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, Jaffa, (for Jerusalem,) Constantinople, Athens, and Naples, remaining at each place a sufficient time to enable the passengers to see the sights.

It is the opinion of some persons, who are pretty well posted, that the best cattle at the West are still in feeders' hands, they being unwilling to sell or send forward at present prices while their stock of grain holds out. If this is the fact, we shall have a good supply during the spring months of good beef, without any material advance in the prices ruling this week. The West is well supplied with cattle.

A Wisconsin correspondent of the Rochester *Union* states that, in going from Prairie du Chien to La Crosse, recently, a singular scene was presented on the steamboat. At one end of the long saloon a clergyman was preaching to a small crowd gathered around him; in the middle, gambling was in busy progress; and at the other extremity of the saloon there was music and dancing.

A mulatto woman intoxicated, went into a church at Vandalia, Ill., where a protracted meeting was going on, and, becoming noisy, was ejected from the house. She went home, but in a few minutes returned with a revolver, which she fired at the congregation through the window. The ball struck and dangerously wounded a man named Mitchell.

It is perhaps not generally known that Washington drew his last breath in the last hour of the last day of the last week in the last month of the year and in the last year of the century —Saturday night, 12 o'clock, Dec. 31, 1799.

An experienced farmer, who cleared over one hundred acres of land in Ohio, writes that the best time to cut brush and saplings in order to kill the roots is when there is fullest flow of sap.

The expenditure for the support of the military academy at West Point last year was $95,505. Under the law of the 3d of March, 1857, increasing the pay of cadets, the estimate for the current year amounts to $116,736.

The editors of the Rochester (New York) *Democrat* state that during the twenty years that that paper has been published, there has accumulated an indebtedness on its books in subscriptions of $50,000.

Two balloonists attempted an aerial race at New Orleans recently. When nine hundred feet up, one of them burst, and the man came down with a tremendous force, but luckily escaped injury.

D. Appleton and Co. have Julia Kavanagh's new novel, "Adele," in press. It has been very well received in England, and is regarded as the best book from her pen.

Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a skeptical Hindoo? Because he is in doubt whether to give up the worship of the *Jug-or-not.*

Mr. George Renick has donated to Chillicothe, Ohio, 35 acres of ground in the southwest part of the city as a public pleasure-ground, to be called Renick Park.

The Detroit *Advertiser* says that Mrs. Thomas a washerwoman of that city, has recently become the heir to a fortune of a million of dollars in Europe.

In the Salem Court of Common Pleas, lately, a man named Brown recovered of a Mr. Smith, who spat in his face, damages to the amount of sixty dollars.

A cotemporary, noticing the appointment of a postmaster, says: "If he attends to the mails as well as he does to the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

A heavy westerly wind has done much damage in the western part of this State, unroofing houses, blowing down steeples and the like.

It's a common thing for men who "won't detain you but five minutes," to hold you by the button-hole for upwards of an hour.

It was a maxim of General Jackson's: "Take time to deliberate; but when the hour for action arrives, stop thinking, and go in."

The 22nd of February is a legal holiday in Massachusetts. Public offices are closed, and the publication of newspapers suspended.

As one of the results of hard times the Chicago *Press* has an advertisement forty columns long of lands in that city delinquent for taxes.

The breaking up of the ice has caused serious freshets in some of the rivers in this and other States.

The effective force of our navy is stated at sixty-two vessels of all kinds.

NEW YORK TABLET.

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We offer the following inducements to persons wishing to subscribe:

To any person remitting $2 50 in advance, we will send a splendid Steel Engraving of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York, same size as the TABLET, and convenient either for framing or binding with the volume.

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*** All Letters and Communications should be addressed, "NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William st., New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT takes exception to our remarks on the Society which met at the Metropolitan on the 17th ult. As he adduces nothing in extenuation of the words used on the occasion by members of that body, we have no space for his drivel. He is, certainly, not overburdened with respect for the national Apostle or he would not become an apologist on so slight reason.

We close our report of the St. Patrick's Celebration in the United States and Canada with this issue of the TABLET. It is a matter of regret that we could not find room for two or three good sermons, and speeches, which we have in hand.

Correspondents are requested to send in their communications by Saturday of each week, in order to insure their insertion the week following.

A SOLILOQUY.

"Stay there little pot 'till John Linn comes home!"
Let his supper be hot when John Linn comes home!
My eyes with delight,
And the fire will be bright
At the middle of night
When John Linn comes home.

While knitting my stocking, John Linn come home!
The cradle I'm rocking, John Linn come home!
The baby is crying,
To sooth him I'm trying,
While sobbing and sighing
John Linn come home!

The old clock is clicking "John Linn come home!"
The death watch is ticking "John Linn come home!"
Not a stir in the town—
The moon is gone down,
And dark the skies frown—
John Linn come home!

The cricket is singing "John Linn come home!"
My patience is winging, John Linn come home!
'Tis fearfully lone—
And sad the winds moan,
Like a dying man's groan,
John Linn come home!

The cocks are a crowing "John Linn come home!"
'Tis midnight past growing, John Linn come home!
There's a hand on the door—
There's a foot on the floor—
I sorrow no more,
John Linn's come home!

R. P.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, '58.

FIGHTING IN THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

WASHINGTON is not to have a monopoly of extemporized "knock downs" between the people's servants. It may have a final voice in settling national questions; but Albany is determined to contest the palm of pre-eminence in the art of pugilism, even with the Federal Capital.

One day two weeks ago shined auspiciously for the Dutch town on the Hudson. She felt that the Fates favored her; and rising in her strength, improvised one of the finest fights of the season. It did not, indeed, comprise so many artists as the memorable struggle between Keitt and Grow; but for dogged determination and scientific precision, we question if even the pretentious affair in Washington exceeded it an iota. Nay, we doubt if the Albany *melee* has yet been equalled. The pulling off a wig—an incident which would have had no effect on men of true spirit—settled the Washington "set to." In Albany nothing less than the forcible seizure of the leading buffer by the appropriate officers—nothing less than a sedan chair, formed of strong arms, from which he kicked defiance at the adversary—ended the contest. After laborious and patient investigation we consider our State Capital deserves the belt, and he must be a poor judge of such matters who would deny it to her.

If we said no more, the reader might imagine we wished to give equal honor to the principals. Nothing could be farther from our thoughts. Mr. Chatfield, the assailant, is entitled to all the credit, without condition or diminution. He began, continued, and ended the engagement. Not a blow was struck that did not come from his sinewy arm, and not a "dab" received that did not light on his opponent. He had size, strength, and brutal instincts, all in his favor. Mr. Delaney was the smaller, weaker, and quite inoffensive. In short, while the latter evinced the most contemptible regard for Mr. C.'s person and his own self-respect, by a gentlemanly forbearance, the former displayed in the highest perfection that courage which is magnanimous enough not to distinguish between persons capable of retaliating, and those who are either incapable or unwilling to do so.

The origin of the fight, not less than its treatment, tells in favor of Mr. Chatfield. Mr. C. performs the part of wet nurse to petitions for aid from Charitable Societies in this and neighboring cities. He rocks them through the Lobby, and sees, so far as man can, that they receive proper recognition in the Assembly. In the performance of this duty he is called upon to beg votes, with hat in hand, from his associate legislators. On one of these circumnavigations of charity he applied to Mr. Delaney for an "accommodation" vote, and, being refused, instantly knocked down the offender. To say that Mr. Delaney gave any just provocation, would be to disparage Mr. Chatfield's title as a bruiser and a bully. He did not. He simply told Mr. C. that he made it a point not to squander the public money, and very properly got beetled on the instant. To say that Mr. Chatfield paid the least attention to the appositeness of Mr. Delaney's phrase, would be equally unjust. Noble representative of his class that he is, he shut his ears to it, resolved that men have no right to differ unless they can defend their difference, and—"sailed in."

Mr. Hyer, Mr. Chatfield—Mr. Chatfield, Mr. Hyer—brothers both.

— How many ruffians made up their minds to secure a name among the "fancy" and a full biography in the press, during the progress of Bill Poole's funeral down Broadway, has never been ascertained. If we consider how the depraved are stimulated to a vile ambition in reading confessions of great criminals, it is not extravagant to suppose that the immense funeral of that notorious gouger, and the attention which his life and death received throughout the country, exerted quite as much bad influence on ill-disposed beholders, as the public apotheosis of a good man usually exercises, in a different manner, on the decent and law-abiding.

The late death of another ruffian in a bar-room brawl has attracted little less attention than Poole's, and, owing to the extended reports of the press, is destined to bear little less bad fruit. It will not do, Messrs. Editors, to weep over vice in one column and to confer a sort of respectability on it in another. Give it your full allegiance. A "divided duty"—a pulling with the Devil on one side of your sheets, and a preaching of morality on the other—is worse than the downright profession of sympathy with blackguards.

NOTES ON THE REVIVAL.

OUR readers must pardon us if we obtrude this excitement in the religious world before them every week. When it began, we dispatched it in a paragraph; as it proceeded, so did we in our comments; but now it is in the full swell of popularity and our attention increases with its growth.

It has developed, as we have already noticed, a widespread belief in the efficacy of intercession. Whether this belief be real or affected, it matters little. If real, it shows that the American people may easily be led to believe that the prayers of Saints are quite as efficacious as those of confessed sinners. If a pharasaical simulation, it accustoms the American ear to novel expressions, and opens the gate for the Catholic doctrine on the subject—

It has thrown all the Sects which assert dogma into a habit of reflecting on the extravagancies of thought to which their own doctrine logically leads, when pushed to its results. Thus the *Church Journal* of this city insists that ebullitions of sentiment, unaccompanied by any rule, and based on no positive belief, are not entitled to the title "religious." Thus, other Protestant organs on our exchange list go to great pains to prove that this Revival cannot be distinguished, by any saving exception, from the excitement of the Shakers, the Jumpers, and the Jerkers. Passing to the secular press, we find the same spirit of fault-finding. Some of these papers compare the Revival Meetings to absolutely pernicious gatherings such as those of the Free Lovers, bating, of course, the doctrine of attraction; while others are not backward in declaring that they lead irresistibly to insanity in those who indulge in them seriously, and persistently. The more, therefore, the Revival spirit progresses the more reason sensible minds have to rejoice in it, on the axiom that one of the best incentives to self-command is another's passion—

The *Independent* asks "is it not to be feared that too much *notoriety* may check the Revival?" There can be no doubt of it if the Protestant public have any sense left. "Notoriety" has been the birth, life, and will also be the death, of it. It was got up, as much as the "run" to see the *Huguenots*, by the secular press. It spread under the fostering notice of this press just like Spiritualism, Fourerism, or Free Loveism. It is destined to die by the same men who swathed and rocked it into publicity, whenever they shall allow their convictions to appear. Even now the reaction has set in, and one daily, which lead the way in spreading the infection, has already turned and laughed at the dupes—

The places in which Revival Meetings are held, scarcely less than the manner in which they are conducted, promise to disgust a large number. Phrases like that of the sailor, who exclaimed, "I have been sailing under *Captain* Jesus for ten years," or that of the prize fighter, Gardiner, who gives out that "he is now to be found on Christ's side," are bad enough; but there are hundreds who can swallow them without an effort, and who would almost forfeit salvation if it had to be sought in Burton's Theatre, or Barnum's Museum, in the intermission between the exhibition of the *Aquaria* and *The Bride of an Evening*—

Besides, it begins to be evident that many of the "conversions" are the work of wit—mere "sells" of the serious. The sailor mentioned above was not in earnest. The nautical term "Captain" indicates his calling, but it also proves his insincerity. No man, not mad, would pretend to speak heartfully of the Deity with such blasphemy on his lips. Hundreds of the calls for prayer are, no doubt, bogus ones. We hear, even now, the occasional jeers that portend the storm in which the whole excitement is destined to disappear.

ROME; ITS RULER AND ITS INSTITUTIONS, by John Francis Maguire, Esq., M.P., will be ready on Monday, April 5th. Booksellers should send in their orders immediately.

SUBSTITUTES FOR NURSERY STORIES.

The old custom of frightening children by stories of hobgoblins and giants is fast dying out, notwithstanding the fact that we are indebted to it for several poets besides Burns. Much to the injury of children's health and true literature, deliterious opiates have taken the place of Raw Head and Bloody Bones; and Gradkind Matter-of-Fact leads youngsters by the nose up to the most suspicious looking places, with the merciless design of killing at once their fancy and their fears.

If those who bewail this tendency to materialism have one cause for comfort better than another, it is the reflection that England provides substitutes for the discharged horrors of the nursery. By a strange dispensation of Providence, the same policy which induces her to debase the moral standard of her subjects forces her to tax their fancy, and every effort which she makes to disenchant their existence by turning it into a scramble for wealth, gives a new wonder to their imaginations. When it suited her purpose to disregard the law of nations in the case of Naples, she called forth an embodiment of tyranny and cruelty, and called it "Ferdinand." When she wished to pick a quarrel with the Chinese, and to find new depots for her opium she startled us all with a frightful compilation of Oriental vices and dubbed it "Yeh." After blowing hundreds of Sepoys from the mouths of cannon—thus adding to the cruelty of the act the religious horror which such dismemberment excites in the Hindoos—she gave to Western Europe that diabolical incarnation, "Nena Sahib." If we would form some idea of the service she has thus done to literature we need only recollect that her "Ferdinand" has evoked volumes of prose, cart loads of poems, and no less than a dozen dramas; that her "Yeh" has produced little less fine writing in the two continents; and that "Nena Sahib," her greatest and latest contribution to the Temple of Credulity, after exercising the finest intellects of the Old World, draws crowded houses every evening at one of our most popular theatres in Chatham street. We can, surely, afford to lose the nursery monsters so long as we get substitutes like these.

THE "FREE ACADEMY" TURNED INTO A SYNAGOGUE. — The "Free Academy" is a State Institution up town which spends $40,000 of Protestant and Catholic taxes yearly, with the avowed object of completing the education of pupils found to be worthy, or promising, in the Public Schools. Whatever its merits may be as a substitute for the Colleges which the children of the rich frequent—and great doubts are thrown upon them—there is no suspicion abroad that it belongs to any particular religious denomination, or that it may pass, with indifference, from the ordinary circle of exercises to exhibitions of a purely religious and sectarian character. At least, this is the public impression; and we beg to remind the Professors of the Academy that it cannot be overlooked with impunity.

The late Revival Meetings held under its roof are, from this point of view, wholly out of order. Improper in themselves, they are worse as precedents. Imagine the Catholics asking leave to hold a "Mission" in the same place! And yet the "Revival" has no more claim to the Academy than the "Mission." If the one can be countenanced so might the other. But neither has any right to intrude, and neither ought to be permitted.

Churches are the proper places for religious instruction. They are built for that purpose. *Our* priests never think of performing religious functions even in their own schools. Ministers of other persuasions may have greater reason to extend their ministrations; but they should leave out of the list of professional calls an institution which is, at once, *not* under their control, and pledged by its charter to be a seat of purely profane studies. Need we call the unprejudiced attention of that pink of liberality, the *Express*, to this subject?

ORANGEISM AGAIN.—Not content with the character for violence which they have already earned, that Orangemen of Canada have just entered upon a saturnalia of lawlessness which bids fair, if persevered in, to place them far above their blood-dyed brothers in the North of Ireland. By their means Thomas Farrel lost his life at Alymer some months ago, and on the evening of the St. Patrick's celebration at Toronto another Irish Catholic, named Sheedy, received a stab which ended his existence. Two lives in so short a period are trophies fair enough; but the circumstances under which the last was taken add a thousand fold to its value. Two different festivities were in progress in honor of the Day: one the dinner of St. Patrick's Society, a Catholic body, the other that of the "Irish Protestants." Each was conducted with excellent spirit. The former had sent a deputation to the latter, expressive of its good feeling and brotherly love, and the latter, not to be outdone, had returned an Irish daisy in token of its reciprocal affection, when a mob of Orangemen, after assailing Mr. McGee's carriage with stones, in the public streets, *proceeded to assault the body to which their fellow-Protestants had just sent a guarantee of friendship.* "The scene at this moment," says the *Leader*, "beggars description: the window-smashing, the mob without yelling like bloodthirsty fiends, and inside the wild rage of the men, and the terror of the youngsters and the weaker sex. Every moment matters grew worse within and without. The house was searched for arms to make a stand against the mob, and soon a dozen shots were fired which seemed, however, only to inflame the passions higher." The result was the death of an Irish Catholic, one of the very men to whom the co-religionists of the murderers had proffered cordial goodwill a few moments previously. This circumstance, we repeat, heightens the victory of the Orangemen. Murdering in cold blood is only an ordinary affair; when accompanied by a breach of faith it soars sublimely into the heroics of the Order.

If anything were needed to show the essential character of Orangeism, the scene in Toronto supplies the defect. Based on proscription itself, it cannot bear to see generous feelings spreading among different religious communities. Sustained for the purpose of keeping up a war of class against class, it cannot allow even a festival in which all Irishmen may feel as brothers to pass without drawing blood-lines of difference between them. So it has always been, so it will ever be, while it is allowed to disgrace the era.

OMISSION.—By an unfortunate accident an editorial commendation of the enterprize of the *Irish Miscellany* was overlooked last week, when alone it could have been of immediate service to that publication. The publishers, at great expense, procured an engraving of the St. Patrick's procession in this city for their readers; and as such a fact is altogether novel in our class of weeklies, it deserved to be noticed with particular approval. We can only compensate for our omission by reiterating our regret for it, and hoping that the *Miscellany* has been rewarded by the public.

The *Monitor* is the name of a new Catholic weekly just issued in San Francisco, Cal., by Marks, Thomas & Co. The number before us speaks well for its conductors, in one of whom we recognize an old and valued friend.

Of course, it must succeed. It has no competitors to outrun; and the Catholics of the Golden State have too much public spirit to withhold their warm support from their first promising newspaper representative.

The "St. Mary's Ladies' Charitable Society" acknowledge the receipt of $1,047, the nett proceeds of the late Festival held at the Chinese Assembly Rooms, for the relief of the poor. This amount will enable the Society to relieve the necessities of many poor and distressed families.

MONTHLIES.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR APRIL.—The *Atlantic* for this month contains a continuation of the paper on the "Catacombs of Rome," noticed in a late TABLET, and a short, but generous and slightly Jansenistic sketch of the Abbe De L'Epee, the benefactor of deaf mutes. The writer on the Catacombs seems to have made use of Mr. Northcote's researches, without getting impressed by Mr. N.'s prudent criticism. Thus he speaks of "the *worship* of the Saints, taking its form in simple, natural, and pious ways," as if the very ways which he refers to were not a proof that invocation instead of "worship" would have been the proper term to apply. Prudentius, in one of his hymns, introduces a mother addressing her son, just before his martyrdom, with the words:

"Vale, ait, dulcissoime,
Et cum beatus regno Christi intraveris,
Memento matris, jam patrone ex filio."

The collection in the Lapadarian Gallery in the Vatican reveals a thousand instances of the same plea of intercession, but not a trace of "worship." "Anatolius pray for your sister," "Felicitas pray for your husband, Celsiniamus," "Dionysius remember in your holy prayers the writers of this inscription," "Gentianus, in your prayers pray for us"—these are the affecting evidences of the Catholic practice of asking saintly intercession, which meet, on every hand, the visitor in the Catacombs. Now, would the writer in the *Atlantic* inform us—in what does the Catholic practice of the present day differ from that of the third and fourth centuries in this regard? There is scarcely one form of prayer to the Saints in the Missal which has not its counterpart on the walls of the Catacombs, even to the very words. Where, then, does the writer get the charge of "worship?" From worse company, and less intelligent than that in which went to the graves of the early Christians. Surely, he does not believe that his companion, Mr. Northcote, *worships* Saints?

The other prose articles in the *Atlantic* have no special interest for us whatever way we judge them, and the poetry is miserable.

MRS. STEPHEN'S MONTHLY.—This beautifully arranged and well-filled Magazine for Ladies, has already had mete notice at our hands. The number for April is equal to its predecessors.

BROWNSON'S REVIEW FOR APRIL.—This number of our leading publication is destined to give an impetus to discussions among the thinking and writing Catholics of the Union. Its two most important articles, "Conversations of our Club" and "Reflections on our Collegiate System," resuscitate old theories and open new issues. The former is a vast improvement upon its predecessor, as "O'Flanagan" has been mercifully endowed with a stock of ideas. The latter is a most unique paper, and might be studied with profit by any one who wishes to write unoffensively, and, at the same time, to carry his point.

CORRECTION.—In last week's issue of the TABLET, under the head "A Card," the receipt of $1,658 was acknowledged from the "Young Men's Erina Association." It should have read the "*Young Men's Association.*"

If an Egyptian house took fire the owner's first desire was to save the sacred cats, rather than to preserve his property. The same ill-judged conduct is evident in certain organs of the Administration. They wish to prove their devotion to a few friends while their party is crumbling to pieces. Would it not be more wise to hold it together, instead of contributing, by reckless thoughtlessness, to its fall?

We have received the *Celt*, the *Irish Literary Gazette*, the *Dublin Journal*, the *Loughrea Illustrated Journal*, and the *Institute Magazine* for March. We shall notice these publications in our next. The accumulation of so many literary papers evinces a marked improvement in the mother stock.

OUR RUSSIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Carnival.—Lent.—Communion and Marriage.—The Emancipation Question, &c., &c.

Moscow, February 14th, 1858.

The Carnival has passed with all its follies, and Lent has commenced. To-day is Ash-Wednesday (old style), but the Russian Carnival closed on Sunday night at 12 o'clock after a week of hard driving, drinking and eating. The three last days are devoted more especially to pleasure, the whole six or seven to gormandizing. The great dish of the week is buckwheat cakes, which are eaten at no other time of the year, and which are served before dinner. You must know that this Carnival is considered as Lent, and that meat is not allowed. Buckwheat cakes are substituted and eaten with butter. The rest of Lent neither butter, eggs, nor milk is allowed, and the more rigorous do not eat fish. The first and last week no theatre is opened, no balls given, and visiting, except amongst intimates, ceases for two weeks. Concerts become the fashion all day long. First one, then another, of the six thousand bells is tolled, giving one the idea that half the city is dead and the other half busy at the funeral.

But, to return to the Carnival: the principal amusement of the common people was to slide down the ice-hills, and fly around on wooden horses. One of the squares of the city was fitted up with booths and frame houses. In some, were theatres with a circus; in others, Punch and Judy; in others, ice-hills; in each one a band of music, playing away on its own account. The temperature outside being far more comfortable than inside, the whole proceedings had the effect of a spasmodic effort to be gay in a climate which forbids all out-door amusements. The promenade around the booths was very lively, for here was to be seen the finest horses in the world, and all the extravagance of wealth. In the carriages, the toilettes of furs, sable and blue fox, were magnificent; many a pelisse costing $1,500 and $2,000. Round and round the tent the rich drove at a walk, nodding to friends, but no loud hearty laughing and throwing of flowers and bonbons, as in Italy, is indulged in. About the booths cluster a mass of unwashed greasy peasants, who, not having funds to go in, content themselves with looking at the transparencies.

On Saturday, a most extraordinary spectacle came off, to wit: the ball of the nobility in broad daylight. I have never seen a more striking and splendid sight. I have never seen more extravagant toilettes, such a variety of uniforms, such a blaze of jewelry. The company commenced assembling at 2 o'clock, and the dancing began about 3, P. M. and continued to 5. At 5 1-2 dinner was announced, and the whole party sat down to a magnificent repast, vines and fruits being in abundance, but no meats. Dinner was over about 7, when dancing recommenced and continued to midnight. As the clock marked midnight the drums in the orchestra, of twenty pieces, beat. In an instant all dancing ceased, and every one remained a few minutes in meditation, then quietly extended his or her hand to the neighbor, and, after the custom of the country, commenced the Lent in earnest, by the asking pardon of each other for all offences. This is done in all families by servants and masters. Whilst it was going on, the orchestra struck up Adieu Leonore from *Il Trovatore*, and under the influence of the touching strains all separated. There was not a loud laugh. All was subdued; and the effect of this sudden transition from the wildest gaity to perfect quiet can only be compared to the darkness that succeeds the brightest fire.

During this week there is no visiting, as I have already said, and all are engaged in their devotions. Service is held twice a day in the churches, and the chaunting being all sung in the minor key, and nothing but male voices permitted, it has an unearthly harmony. So much for the Russian Carnival and its festivities.

To go to Communion once a year is obligatory, and as each person is required to perform it, if one neglects this duty three years he cannot hold property, nor can any one be married who has not a certificate that he has been to Communion within the year.

At this moment all Russia is in a blaze upon the Emancipation question, and fears are entertained that a revolution is impending. At all events, the strangers are very uneasy and fear that great trouble will ensue, and that they are not safe. It is thought by some that the peasantry will rise, and that strangers will be the first sacrificed. I have no fears myself, and believe the people too timid and amiable to carry out any such scheme.

Yours truly, ***.

THE ORPHANS.

The commercial and mechanical classes, unfortunately, are not the only portion of the community affected by the late sweeping depression in trade. Its baneful effects have been complete and wide-spread. It was not, therefore, to be expected that the children belonging to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum of the city of New York should be entirely exempt from its influence.

We are led to the above remarks by the fact, that the annual Easter collection on behalf of the Orphans will take place in all the churches on Sunday next, when, it is confidently expected, that all will generously contribute to the best of their abilities on behalf of so desirable an object. The Orphans rely on us for support; deprived of that support it would be impossible to sustain the Asylum, or to receive those who apply for shelter within its walls. Let it be seen, therefore, that neither supineness nor neglect be suffered to obtrude themselves on the present occassion, but that all will deposit their offerings according to the means God has given to them, in order that those who at tender ages have been deprived of their natural protectors may not be allowed to feel the keen agonies of indigence or want. While on this subject we beg to call attention to the advertisement of the Catholic Orphan Festival Society, which will be found on our 16th page. It will be seen that the members of the Society solicit donations in money or articles for the purpose of providing a Feast or Festival of amusement at Easter, and on the Fourth of July, for the children of the Asylum. The managers hope that such persons as acquiesce in the above arrangement will forward their contributions to any of the gentlemen composing the Committee, or to either of those places designated in the advertisement.

A CARD.

The Mother Superior of the Institution of Mercy, Houston street, received from Mr. Francis O'Reilly the sum of $50, being the subscription of the Hibernian Universal Benevolent Society, collected on St. Patrick's Day.

Catholic periodicals are on the increase even in England. The prospectus of the *Literary Cabinet*, a monthly magazine of instruction, amusement, science, &c., is now before us. The publisher, in making his announcement, says that it will be produced under the immediate direction of writers whose names guarantee sound religious teachings. We wish the *Cabinet* entire success and accord to it a hearty welcome.

Will some of our friends furnish us with the details of the last act of bigotry by which a Catholic in the public Hospital of Brooklyn was allowed to die without benefit of Sacraments? We hear that a priest at the Hospital door was denied admittance, and that several Catholics are among the Board of Managers.

LECTURE.—The Rev. J. Murray, of Orange, delivered an excellent lecture on the Catholic Idea of St. Patrick, in that village, on the 22d ult. The audience numbered nearly a thousand, and in both matter and manner the lecture was a *chef dœuvre* of its kind.

A Lecture will be delivered at the Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway, on Wednesday evening, April 8th, by John M. Harrington, Esq. Subject: "The Exile, His Duties, and His Memories." We need scarcely assure our readers that Mr. Harrington is a gentleman well qualified to do justice to the subject.

DIED.

On Friday last the remains of JAMES CAIN, a young gentleman well known in Brooklyn, and particularly to the congregation of St. James' Cathedral, were interred in Flatbush. Whilst a student of St. Charles' College he endeared himself to all his companions. Though God did not permit him to attain the noble end for which he labored, viz., the Holy Priesthood, yet it is to be hoped that He now rewards him for his laudable exertions.

The deceased was only 19 years old, yet he possessed uncommon intelligence and gave signs of great promise. *Requiescat in pace.* Amen.

St. Patrick's Day in the United States.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

[From the Buffalo Sentinel.]

Early on Wednesday morning might have been seen Ireland's children moving along our streets, some to attend at divine service in the Cathedral, and the Members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and Sons of Erin Societies wending their way to their Hall, preparatory to forming into procession. Shortly after nine o'clock the procession formed in front of the Hall on Main street. The following order of procession we take from the *Courier* of Thursday morning:

Marshal, Captain M. Loftus.
Emerald Brass Band.
Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.
President, M. Hagan, Vice-Presidents, and other officers, and over one hundred and thirty members, with a beautiful Banner,
Cornet Brass Band.
Sons of Erin Society.
President, James, Ryan, Vice-Presidents, and other officers, and over one hundred members, with their fine Banner.

The procession moved up Main street to the Park; down Clinton street to Ellicott; down Ellicott to Swan street; and along Swan to the new Church at the Hydraulics, where the services of dedication were performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

After the services, the procession moved from Swan to Exchange street; up Exchange to Chicago; down Chicago to Elk street, and thence by way of Ohio street to the foot of Main and to the Hall.

The procession attracted much attention and made a fine display. The Regalia of the Members of the Societies looked well.

The Societies returned to their Hall about two o'clock, when the Members soon separated.

In the evening a Social Party was held at St. James's Hall, and the attendance was large, many of our Protestant fellow-citizens honoring the occasion with their presence and contributing to the object—namely, to aid the funds of St. Patrick's new Church—with a liberal spirit. The music was good and the programme carried out, and about three o'clock in the morning the party broke up, after spending a pleasant evening and doing a good act.

THE DEDICATION.

The new Church of St. Patrick was dedicated by the Right Rev. Bishop on St. Patrick's Day, and, as was to be expected, attracted an immense crowd from all parts of the city. The service opened with Pontifical High Mass, the Bishop officiating. The Very Rev. F. O'Farrel acted as assistant priest; Revs. Martin O'Connor, of St. Bridget's, and W. F. Payne, of the Cathedral, deacons of honor; Revs. M. Dieter and P. Barker as deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass, and the Rev. Mr. Early, of the Immaculate Conception, first master of the ceremonies. We noticed also in the sanctuary the Rev. Messrs. Geary, Follenius, &c. At the Communion the Rt. Rev. Bishop addressed the audience on the all-absorbing topic of St. Patrick, the patron of the Church and Parish; he gave a brief history of his life and virtues, and interspersed his remarks with touching exhortations bearing upon the festivities of the day. The new Church is a large but plain brick building, capable of seating about one thousand persons, and, considering the hard times and almost insurmountable difficulties of various kinds, it is no little credit to the present incumbent, the Rev. Mr. M'Connell and his poor but devoted congregation, that they should have raised an edifice of such proportions in the brief space of six months. The services were conducted with great decorum, and, with the exception of the performances of the choir, all passed off well.

SERVICE AT THE CATHEDRAL.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated at nine o'clock by the Very Rev. F. O'Farrel, assisted by the Revs. W. F. Payne and P. Barker as deacon and sub-deacon. Solemn Pontifical Vespers were sung at half-past three o'clock, P. M., by the clergy and choir alternately, with admirable precision and effect. We rejoice to see the marked improvement in the music of the Cathedral, which is highly creditable alike to the clergy, Mr. Dossert the efficient organist, and the members of the choir. We know of no church in the country where the services are conducted with more solemnity or decorum than at St. Joseph's, and we rejoice at this opportunity of saying so. His Lordship delivered a most powerful and touching panegyric on the glorious Apostle of Ireland at the Vespers, which was followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

[From a Correspondent of the Buffalo Sentinel.]

The St. Mary's Hibernian Benefit Society, the Young Men's Society of St. Bridget's, the St. Vincent of Paul Society, of St. Mary's and of the Immaculate Conception, in their respective regalias, also the Washington Life Guards, headed by Captain Newman's Brass Band, repaired to St. Mary's Church at half-past nine o'clock, where they attended High Mass. The Church was densely crowded. After the Gospel our Rev. Pastor ascended the pulpit and delivered a panegyric on St. Patrick: detailing his life and his labors in Christianizing our native country. His sermon was so impressive and so appropriate for the occasion that there was scarce one of the immense audience who was not softened into tears in contemplating the former glory of their native land, which was so lucidly depicted by the preacher. After the solemn High Mass the fore-mentioned Societies formed in procession and proceeded to St. Patrick's Church to invite the St. Vincent of Paul Society of the said congregation to join in the procession in honor of their sainted patron. Thus invited they proceeded to the new Hospital of St. Mary's, where they exhibited the genuine Catholic spirit of St. Patrick in doling their charity in behalf of this noble Institution. The procession was exceedingly imposing and was conducted with the greatest order and decorum. We must confess that there is great credit due to the officers of St. Mary's B. Society for their active and energetic efforts on the occasion.

As a resident for many years of this city, we never witnessed such a grand and united display of Catholic spirit. As a member of St. Vincent of Paul Society, and of St. Mary's, we have to express our grateful recognition to the different Societies, for their generous effort in behalf of the poor; may we live long in the land of our adoption to enjoy similar demonstrations, through the influence of that faith which our glorious Apostle preached.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

[From the Northern Journal.]

The great event of the past week has been the celebration of the Anniversary of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, by our Catholic fellow-citizens. Large numbers wended their way to the Catholic Church, where divine service commenced at nine o'clock, A. M. After the communion, Rev. P. McNulty, Pastor of the Church, read the Gospel proper for the day, and delivered a glowing eulogium on the life and virtues of Ireland's Patron Saint.

In the peroration of this excellent discourse, the reverend gentlemen alluded with great earnestness to the mission of the Irish Church, substantially in these words:

The persecution which the children of St. Patrick receive to-day shows that they are esteemed worthy of following in the footsteps of those who have gone before them; their constancy under it proves that they are deserving of doing so. To be persecuted is an honor by which the virtuous of all times have been distinguished from the worldly wise; and if we judge from the calumny and misrepresentation that await us wherever we turn, who more meritorious than we? And have we not reason to rejoice? The hierarchy which St. Patrick founded, walking from See to See, still maintains its place on the records of the Church. For learning, for piety, for watchfulness, for self-devotedness, for a proper respect for power, and a proper disrespect for its abuse, who can excel a Dixon, a Cullen, a Moriarty, or the most Irish of them all, "the Lion of the Fold of Judah?" If we turn to Australia, or India, or Canada, we will behold on the sentinel towers of the Church, Irishmen—true sons of their Apostle in everything but canonization. In our own country, is it not one of our proudest privileges to pay respect to the learning and virtues of a Hughes, a Kenrick, an O'Connor, and a Purcell? If we descend a step to the Priesthood, Ireland is represented in numbers and talents without a compeer. If we go still farther, to the Laity, Ireland is also present to us in children of the faith who raised that altar there, and placed that Cross above it. Turn where we will, where Catholicity is, there also is St. Patrick represented in the descendants of the nation he converted. Foolish persecutors! silly law-givers of bigoted England! did you dream of this when planning your penal statues? Did you think that the edict by which you prevented the use of the Irish language, put a garrison of Irishmen in your own, to go with it round the world, to ask Heresy for the countersign of Truth, and failing to get it, to take it into custody and teach it to desert? And yet, this has been the effect of English persecution in Ireland. Were it not for that persecution, Protestantism, in every English-speaking country, would be without a rival who could treat even-handedly with it? "Commerce," "Progress," and all the cants of the day would be its especial stock in trade; and while the French Catholic, or the German Catholic, would be debarred from vindicating himself, the English-speaking Irishman proclaims himself abroad, and takes his share of the credit. So God decrees that persecution itself shall redound to His honor, and that, out of the corruption of the best devised human tombs, the body of the Faith shall rise triumphant and immortal.

Oh, holy St. Patrick! standing on your Carmel in Mayo, and prophesying of that Brendan who first gave the American Continent to Scandinavian historians, did you see, adown the line of light which his curragh's keel made in the waters, the Irish in America? Did you foresee their affection for your name, their love for the faith which you taught them, and the rich argosies of souls which they have freighted for your own heavenly port? If so, from your throne on high, inspire them with your ardor, inoculate them with your zeal, and adding from the heavenly fount of all light and heat to the torches of their own souls, bid them again outdo each other in spreading that conflagration of holy love first lit near Tara, and which can only be quenced in the beatific vision, the possession of the God by whom you triumphed, and they hope for salvation.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

[From a Correspondent.]

The Anniversary of the birth of Erin's Patron Saint was celebrated in this village, in a manner reflecting honor upon all participating in the event. The principal features of the day were the religious services, commencing with a solemn High Mass, at 7, A. M., the reception of the Shields Guard, who had been invited, and a grand ball in the evening. The Shields Guard, Capt. J. O'Neil, numbering thirty-four men, in full uniform, arrived from Auburn in the afternoon; and their skilful manœuvering and fine military appearance upon the occasion was very creditable, and have secured for them many admirers. They were met at the depot by Hawley's Brass Band, the Committee of Arrangements, Marshals, and a large concourse of citizens. A procession was formed under the direction of the Marshals, and marched to the residence of our respected Pastor, Rev. T. Brady, who welcomed the Guard in an eloquent and spirited address, which was listened to with attention. Mr. Peter Swift, on the part of the Guard, made an appropriate reply. The company again formed, and to quote the language of our village paper, "made a beautiful display in marching through our streets." After marching through the principal streets, the company proceeded to the house of William O'Neill, where they partook of refreshments provided by the committee of arrangements. At an early hour in the evening Union Hall was thronged with a respectable company, including many Americans and strangers, the utmost order prevailing throughout. At half-past seven the Shields Guard entered the Hall and were introduced by James Hughes in a few pertinent remarks, when they opened the festivities by a fancy drill, after which the dancing commenced, and continued until 4 o'clock. The Guard again formed for the purpose of taking their departure at 3 o'clock, a special train awaiting them at the depot, when Corporal Charles Rattigan advanced and addressed the company, and concluded by expressing the hope that the Shields would have an opportunity of responding to the courtesies of their Seneca Falls brethren in receiving them at some future day. The committee of arrangements, consisting of John S. Murphy, John Rogan, Richard M'Caul, Richard Curran, Jr., John Macken, and James Boyle, and the Marshals, James Hughes, Martin O'Neill, John M'Farland, and M. C. Murphy, all of whom deserve thanks for the prompt and efficient manner in which they performed their duties.

BROCKPORT, N. Y.

[From the Brockport Republican.]

The annual holiday of the Sons of Erin was celebrated here with universal life and interest. Our streets have not borne so lively an appearance since the celebration of the 4th of July. The day was fair and large numbers gathered in from the adjoining towns and neighboring villages.

In the evening a torchlight procession was got up under the marshalling of Henry Joslyn, who received and escorted from the Depot the Washington Life Guards, of Rochester, a well-drilled, well-uniformed, and gentlemanly appearing company, who were accompanied by Newman's excellent band.

The procession, as it passed through the streets with their glowing torches, attracted a large concourse of people. They proceeded first to the residence of Rev. Mr. McGowan, where they were received by a brilliant address. They then proceeded to Concert Hall, where, at 9 o'clock, some four hundred persons were ranged at five long tables, who were soon supplied with a bountiful repast.

At the close of the supper, the exercises were as follow—Casper Walter, in the absence of W. E. Skidmore, doing the honors of the President:

TOASTS.

1st. "Washington."
Responded to by Horace J. Thomas, Esq.
2d. "James Buchanan, the chief magistrate of the only sovereign people in the world."
Responded to by Wm. H. Bowman, Esq.
3d. "St. Patrick, Ireland's Patron Saint."
Responded to by Lieut. Murphy, of Rochester.
4th. "Brockport and its Prosperity."
Responded to by Rev. E. McGowan, who closed by offering:
"The Washington Life Guards."
Responded to by Capt. Skelly.
"Internal Improvements in general, the Erie Canal in particular."
Responded to by Mr. Rigney.
"The Free Press:"
Responded to by H. N. Beach.
"The Ladies of Brockport."
Responded to by N. P. Pond, Esq.
"Patrick Henry's Address," repeated by James K. P. Patterson.
"The President of the Day, Casper Walter, Esq."
Responded to by Mr. Walter.
"Newman's Band."

At 1 o'clock, A. M., these exercises closed, the speeches being generally patriotic and appropriate. All passed off in fine order, the excellent music of the band enlivening the scene.

As we left at 2 o'clock, the tables had been cleared away, the whole company joining in the "gay dance."

HARTFORD, CONN.

[From the Hartford Evening Post.]

The St. John's Sick and Burial Society of this city gave a supper at the American Hotel as the closing festivity in their celebration of the anniversary of St. Patrick.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. "The Day we Celebrate."
Responded to by Wm. Downes, Esq., of New Haven, who said that such a sentiment would always find a response in the hearts of all true Irishmen, in whatever part of the world they may be.
2. "The President of the United States."
Mr. Hammersley spoke to this, believing that he understood it as referring, not to the President as the head of any political party or creed, but to the President of the greatest Republic the world ever saw; the position he occupies, an acknowledgment of his authority, and our allegiance to it. In the same spirit, that toast will be responded to years after we have all gone to the great Republic of Dust. Mr. H. proceeded to give a little sketch of the peaceful battles of St. Patrick and of his bloodless victory. No tear, said he, was ever shed by the oppressed, no martyr ever suffered in a dungeon, no hero ever suffered in vain.
3. "The Right Reverend and Clergy of the Diocese."
Responded to by Thomas McManus, Esq. He acknowledged the indebtedness of the Church to the efforts of the clergy, from the crucifixion to the present day. They shared with their people, adversity or prosperity. Their influence extended outside their position as clergy; they are forward in the work of civilization, as shown by the missions at Paraguay and Oregon; in literature; in theology; and instanced in this latter walk, the Rev. John Mulligan, who went from this city to Europe and came home loaded with all the honors of the Old World.
4. "The Memory of Washington."
5. "The Governor of the State."
6. "The Press."
7. "The Memory of Robert Emmet."
8. "The Mayor and Councilmen of Hartford."
9. "St. John's and St. Patrick's Society."
Response by James M'Manus. He gave an account of the early struggles of the Societies for a sure footing.
10. "Our Adopted City and State."

After some volunteer toasts had been given and responded to, the assembly adjourned highly pleased with the good time they had together.

In the early part of the evening, Wm. Downs, Esq., of New Haven, addressed a great meeting at the City Hall. His subject was, "The duties of Irishmen to America," and it was a fine discourse. He had pronounced the same oration at New Haven in the afternoon.

DERBY, CONN.

[From a Correspondent.]

It may not be amiss to state that in this section of country the Anniversary of Ireland's great Apostle was celebrated with unusual splendor, the day being the finest we had since the first of the month. The Hibernian Benevolent Society of Derby celebrated the day by an out door procession, their number being about one hundred, and headed by the Cornish Brass Band. I may say, without fear of contradiction, that at the head of the Society was carried one of the best banners in the United States, a description of which I will give. The banner is six feet wide and seven feet high, made out of the very best white silk, without a seam, and having painted on one side Washington and Jackson, with two female figures, one representing the Goddess of Liberty, the other the Genus of Ireland reclining on her harp, bearing aloft in her right hand a green scarf, leaving behind her the land she loves best, and on the other side an historical painting of St. Patrick preaching to the Council at Tara, and illustrating the unity of one God and three persons. The Society proceeded from their Hall to the Church, and there assisted at the Holy Mass. After Mass the Rev. Mr. Lynch delivered a short but feeling sermon on St. Patrick and the services of Ireland in Literature and Civilization.

The procession then started and marched through the principal streets of the town, and returned to their Hall, where the greatest harmony and love of country marked their character, enjoying the happiness which is prevalent on St. Patrick's Day, and where a number of toasts were offered.

The Society passed a vote of thanks to the gentlemen who composed the band who honored us with our own favorite airs, and brought a recurrence of bygone days into our hearts and memories. Well pleased with the day's proceedings, the assembly left the Hall and wended their way home.

In conclusion, I would remark that the proprietors of the Birmingham Iron and Steel Works are deserving of the thanks of the Irish inhabitants of the town of Derby for their generous manifestations of liberty towards their workmen on the morning of the 17th, by causing their establishment to be kept idle, and giving those of our race an opportunity of honoring their Patron Saint by keeping the day holy.

K.

BANGOR, MAINE.

[From a Correspondent.]

The Anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint was celebrated in Bangor with more than usual interest.

The Grattan Guards, a company of able-bodied sons of the Emerald Isle, marched in uniform through the public streets of the city, escorted by Maguire's Band. At half-past nine o'clock, A. M., the company proceeded, under command of Captain Michael Boyce, to St. John's Church, where they attended Mass, after which they resumed their march, and paraded through the principal streets until half-past four o'clock, P. M., when the company retired.

In the evening the members of the Mathew Institute celebrated the Anniversary by a grand soiree in their Hall on Wall street. The Hall was thronged to excess by a large concourse of the sons and daughters of Erin. At nine o'clock the company sat down to a splendid supper. After justice being done to the eatables the cloth was removed, and the president, Mr. Da-

niel O'Leary, arose and made a few brief remarks on the day we celebrate. He concluded by introducing to the assembly Mr. Daniel F. Kelleher, the toast-master for the occasion. Mr. Kelleher arose and read the toasts as follow:

REGULAR TOASTS.

1st. "The Day we Celebrate"—Sacred to our memory and renowned for its glory—may its annual recurrence be ever hailed with joy, and awaken in our hearts the fond and dear recollections of our native land.

2nd. "Ireland"—The land of our Fathers, of Patriots, and of Martyrs. Although her past history has been darkened by continual oppression and persecution, still she may yet see the day when the glorious light of freedom shall beam round her soil, and arouse her children to a sense of her past wrongs, to avenge on their oppressors the persecution of their venerable ancestors.

3d. "United States"—A nation unequalled in principles of government, the shelter of the oppressed, and the terror of despotism. May each one of her faithful citizens independantly labor to maintain that noble appellation so justly bestowed on her, "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

4th. "The Press"—The censor of the age. Let it be just and discriminating in its censorship, that in exposing vice it may defend virtue.

5th. "The Memory of Daniel O'Connell."

6th. "The Catholic Hierarchy"—The consolers of the afflicted. May their teachings, exemplified by their devotions and perseverance in faithfully fulfilling the mission pointed out to them by their Divine Master, be sure to guide us to eternal salvation, as did the Star of Bethlehem the three kings of the east to the earthly habitation of the Redeemer of Man.

7th. "The Memory of Washington."

8th. "The Constitution of the United States."

9th. "Civil and Religious Liberty"—That noble spirit which animates the Union, wherever its doctrines are preached and practised, there peace and happiness dwells.

10th. "The Army and Navy."

11th. "The Memory of Father Mathew."

12th. "The City of Bangor"—May that good peace and harmony, so prevalent among its citizens, tend to advance its local and commercial interests, and also to add to its former appellation, "Queen City of the East, Queen City of Virtue."

13th. "Woman"—The last of creation, and the best.

In succession after each toast several gentlemen responded very eloquently; after which a letter was read from Rev. Father Vetromile excusing his absence, but, as a substitute, sent the following sentiment:

"The Shamrock and the Harp"—May the shamrock never fade on the fields of Erin, nor the harp never cease to celebrate the praises of the glorious Apostle St. Patrick.

Several volunteer toasts and songs were offered, after which the company dispersed at a seasonable hour, all more than pleased with the enjoyments of the occasion.

The day passed off very well, and, much to the credit of the community, not a single person was seen under the influence of liquor on that day. Last August our zealous Pastor, Rev. Father Bapst, organized a society called the St. John's Catholic Temperance and Benevolence Society, and with great success. He has the pleasure now of seeing 2,000 members. Father Bapst has the best wishes of the public in general. Long may he remain among us to minister unto the wants of his flock.

E. J. K.

MILLTOWN, MAINE.

[*From a Correspondent.*]

The young men of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of Milltown celebrated the anniversary of their Patron Saint, on the 17th, in the large Schoolhouse belonging to the Church. The house was tastefully decorated with our national colors, and in the most prominent position was the Banner of the Society, with a full length likeness of St. Patrick on one side, and that of the illustrious Father Mathew on the other. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and many were unable to gain an entrance. At seven o'clock the Band of the Society, under the superintendence of their respected teacher, Mr. McGarigle, whose virtues and talents justly endear him to the members of the Society, commenced the amusements of the evening.

The Rev. James Quin, Pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Milltown, delivered a most eloquent pranegyric on the sainted Apostle of Ireland, the success of his mission, the learning and piety of his disciples, the numerous schools and monasteries they founded in every country of Europe, and clearly proved from history that Ireland furnished Europe with scholars and statesmen for centuries, that few countries produced so many eminent statesmen or generals, even at the present time, and within the memory of many present. The names of Grattan, Curran, Wellington, O'Connell, and Father Mathew, the great Apostle of Temperance, whose virtues, he hoped, they would all imitate; that the history of a country capable of producing such men should be more closely studied; that Irishmen should be thoroughly acquainted with the history of their native land, and the honor paid to her eminent men, for where was mortal man ever honored as St. Patrick was, for, on this day, millions of Ireland's sons in Ireland, England, Scotland, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, in almost every city on the American Continent, from frozen Labrador to Cape Horn, in Australia, and in the isles of Oceanica, in every town and hamlet is this day kept in honor of the glorious St. Patrick, whose memory will be reverenced to the end of time.

The Rev. gentleman concluded his remarks amidst bursts of applause. The Rev. President of the Society gave an invitation to all who would wish to join the Society to come forward and take the pledge. Several persons came forward and pledged themselves to total abstinence, and received his benediction; indeed, the Rev. gentleman is doing a great work here in the Temperance cause.

The thanks of the Society were given to G. A. Boardman, Esq., and the Directors of the Milltown Academy, for their kindness to the Society. The meeting dispersed about ten o'clock, well pleased with the evening's amusement.

H. G. C.

SALEM, MASS.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with appropriate honors in Salem. High Mass was celebrated in the churches of St. James and of the Immaculate Conception. From an early hour the streets were crowded by persons, every one of whom evidently enjoyed the beauty of the day. A lecture was given in the evening by Dr. Fitzgerald. Subject: British Rule in India. The lecturer was introduced by Mr. Luby. After the lecture the members of the "Irish Reading Room Association," with their guests, proceeded to their rooms in the Franklin Buildings, where they found the Reading Room neatly decorated, and a good hot supper waiting them; all arranged and ready under the care of that most excellent committee, Messrs. Thomas Quinn, Edward Foley, and James O'Donnell. When the cloth was removed the President called upon Mr. Clarke, the toast-master, to give the toasts, which were as follow:

1. "The Day we Celebrate."
2. "Ireland"—The Home of our Fathers, the Cradle of our Birth."

Responded to by the Vice-President, M. John Sheridan.

3. "Our Adopted Country."

Responded to by Mr. Conway, jun.

4. "The President of the United States." Song—"Star Spangled Banner," by Mr. James Harding.
5. "Our Sister Society."

Responded to by Mr. William A. Powers, of Salem.

6. "Our Clergy."

Responded to by Mr. Quinn.

7. "The Press."

Responded to by Mr. J. J. Donahoe of the *Register*.

8. "The Army and Navy of the United States."

Responded to by Mr. Stephens. After which Mr. Foley and Mr. Gannon sung the "Red, White and Blue."

9. "Ireland's Patriots, Exiles, and Martyrs."

Responded to by Mr. Burns.

10. "Washington."

Responded to by Mr. Stephens.

11. "Patrick Sarsfield"—May his Monument be placed in Limerick, on the next Anniversary.

Responded to by Mr. Lawrence Dease.

12. "The Ladies."

Before separating the company joined hands and sung "Auld Lang Syne," after which the assemblage broke up, and each returned to his respective home.

DOVER, N. H.

[*From a Correspondent.*]

St. Patrick's Day was ushered in here with a bright clear sky, the streets were rather muddy, but on the whole it was a beautiful day.

The H. U. B. Society marched in procession from their Hall, through the principal streets of our city, escorted by the "Lawrence Brigade" Band, J. Desmond leader, which discoursed excellent music and enlivened the citizens. The Society, numbering ninety men, made a fine appearance, and I heard it remarked by several citizens that so fine a body of men was seldom seen.

The day's celebration closed with a grand ball and supper at the Union Hall. About 400 persons joined in the festivity; mirth and merriment reigned triumphant until 11 o'clock, when all sat down and partook of a splendid supper, after partaking of which the President called the assembly to order and the regular toasts were read, the Band playing up some of our national airs, St. Patrick's Day, Garryowen, &c. Dancing was again resumed and kept up until early morning. As a whole the arrangements reflect great credit on the H. U. B. Society. Long may they live to celebrate St. Patrick's Day.

TARA.

DETROIT, MICH.

[*From the Detroit Herald.*]

The Anniversary of St. Patrick's Society of this city was duly observed on Wednesday, the 17th of March. The day was very unpropitious, but still the Shields Guard, St. Patrick's Society, and Operative Fire Company, No. 10, were out in full force, and paraded the streets in good style, preceded by the Detroit City Band, who never discoursed better music. Everything went off in the most pleasant and orderly manner, and the day closed with a banquet at the Biddle House, in which a large number of our citizens, not members of the Society, joined.

We regret that we cannot give a more full account of the proceedings in our present issue. Suffice it to say that the supper was excellent, and the best of feeling prevailed during the evening. The party broke up at a seasonable hour; every one departed with the bonds of sympathy and good will more strongly cemented than ever.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

[*From the Cincinnati Enquirer.*]

The Sarsfield and Republican Light Guards of this city, in conjunction with the Montgomery Guards of Dayton, under the command of Captain Cain, paraded the principal streets in the afternoon of the 17th, and attracted much attention. Beyond this there was no formal display; but the number of our Irish fellow-citizens passed the day in various methods commemorative of the occasion.

In the evening the United Irish Society and the Mitchel Club celebrated the day at the Burnet House, where a sumptuous supper was prepared by "mine host" Coleman, of that excellent hotel. About one hundred persons were present, and participated in an enthusiastic manner. Speeches were made, and sentiments offered, and the best of good feeling prevailed. We append a list of the regular toasts:

Song—"Let Erin Remember the Days of Old"—By J. J. A. Keatinge.

REGULAR TOASTS.

"The Day we Celebrate"—Like the shamrock through all seasons and changes—its memory will ever be fresh and green in the hearts of all true Irishmen. Music—"St. Patrick's Day."

Response by Judge Mallon.

"The Memory of Washington."

"Ireland"—The land of our forefathers, the home of our childhood—may the noble spirit of nationality be the inspiration of her children, until her mountains and valleys re-echo with the dignified cry of—"We are a nation once again." Song—"Our Own Little Island."

Response by William G. Halpin.

"The Land we Live in"—May her tree of liberty never be blighted and the oppressed of all nations eventually partake of its fruit. Music—"The Star-spangled Banner."

Response by James H. Walker.

"The Press"—A disseminator of useful knowledge and tower of strength to a free people when used in a just cause. Music—"Hail Columbia."

Response by W. B. Bickham.

"The Men of '98 and '48"—Though victory did not crown their efforts, yet defeat did not detract from the merits of the cause in which they struggled. Song—"Who Fears to Speak of '98."

Response by James W. Fitzgerald.

"The President of the United States"—Higher than Kings and Princes, no transient title sustains him; but honor and justice, with the consent of the people, compose the strength of his office. Music—"Hail to the Chief."

Response by General Wm. H. Lytle.

"The Poets and Orators of Ireland"—Though the harp be silent, their fame is co-extensive with the civilized world. Song—"The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."

Response by Michael N. Keating.

"The Army and Navy of the United States"—In their tactics there is no such word as surrender. Song—"Red, White and Blue."

Response by Major Joseph W. Burke.

"The Hopes we Cherish"—Ireland, invincible in her own independence; her sons reading the glorious epitaph of Emmet. Music.

Response by D. J. Toohy.

"The Enemies of British Tyranny throughout the world." Music—"The Conquering Hero Comes."

Response by Stephen J. McGroarty.

"The Queen City of the West"—The proudest monument of American enterprize. Music—"The Land of the West."

Response by Arthur Seaman.

"The Ladies"—Though last, not least. Song—"Molly Bawn"—By John O'Connor.

Response by Esquire J. J. McFall.

A number of volunteer toasts were offered and appropriate and eloquent responses made. We cannot, owing to the lateness of the hour, particularize, but will say that we have rarely witnessed a more agreeable and thoroughly enthusiastic assemblage.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK.

[*From the Daily Commercial.*]

The Anniversary of this Society was celebrated on the 17th with much festivity and interest—and was respectably and numerously attended.

Ample respect being paid to the good things of life, the first sentiment of the evening was proposed and spoken to by the President of the Society, Dr. Norris.

REGULAR TOASTS.

"The Day we Celebrate"—By Dr. Norris.

The Dr. did this in his best way—and exemplified the devoted patriotism of the Irishman to his oppressed country.

"The Constitution of the United States"—By Judge Dunlap.

On this occasion the Judge surpassed himself, and words of praise bestowed on him were words of truth. His selections from the poets, and his elegance of delivery, drew down repeated applauses.

"Our Native Land"—By T. C. Enright, Esq.

This toast was apparently full of National interest to the convention, and the speaker was received enthusiastically. He spoke affectingly of his country's many unsuccessful struggles for freedom, and said Ireland lacks the means, not the will, not the courage to be free, for *whatever* other ingredients comprise the Irishman's character, God knows cowardice is no element of his nature.

Mr. E. concluded by a very poetic description of the hills and dales of green Erin, and resumed his seat amid loud and repeated cheering, waving of handkerchiefs, &c., &c.

"The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick" was responded to by Dr. Norris, who gave a brief history of the organization of the Society and the patriotism of its members during the revolutionary war. Washington, he said, was a member and participated in their festivities, on all occasions wearing the medal of the Society.

The remarks of the Dr. were received with enthusiasm by the members of the Society and the assembled guests, and were frequently interrupted by the most hearty applause.

"The Land we Live in"—By L. H. Pike, Esq.

Mr. Pike treated this subject in a way which does him credit both as an orator and an adopted citizen of the United States.

"Union among Irishmen"—By Mr. Brophy.

This gentleman confined his remarks particularly to his subject; he exemplified the blessings, both national and domestic, resulting from union, and drew a reverse picture of the evils of disunion. He was well received and loudly applauded.

Many volunteer toasts were handed to the President, and were promptly responded to by the gentlemen called upon. The ladies fell to the lot of H. S. Commager, Esq., and not a few of those present envied him, both the subject, and the power with which he adorned it. J. J. Manor, D. S. Price, J. R. Tyler, Esqrs., and several other gentlemen contributed by their eloquence to the festivity of the occasion. It was most gratifying to see men of social position—men of refined intellect and powers of oratory, thus come forward and give the charm of their society to the festival of their brother citizens driven from their own countries by monarchical despotism.

The Jackson Guards was responded to by Major Dunn in a very appropriate and select speech. At a late hour all separated, mutually pleased with the entertainments of the evening.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

[*From the Catholic Miscellany.*]

The festival of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, was celebrated on the 17th of March with even more spirit than in former years.

The St. Patrick's Benevolent Society proceeded about 10 o'clock, A.M., to the Cathedral, escorted by the Irish Volunteers, Capt. Edward Magrath; the Montgomery Guards, Capt. Jas. Conner; the Emmet Volunteers, Capt. R. K. Payne; the Meagher Guards, Capt. Ed. Daly; and the Mitchel Guards, Capt. Devine. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Barry, Bp. of Savannah, with the assistance of Rev. Messrs. Murphy and Corcoran as D acon and Subdeacon, and Rev. C. J. Croghan, of Newbern, as Priest Assistant.

After the Gospel, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Richmond ascended the pulpit, and delivered an eloquent discourse, in which after briefly sketching the history of the saint, he unfolded the wise counsels of God in regard to the nation that owes its conversion to St. Patrick. Out of Ireland's very misery—He has known how to promote His glory, to propagate His Holy Church and to secure effectually the salvation of innumerable souls. The nation, that God thus honors, is honorable and glorious, whatever human wisdom or a pardonable patriotism may think to the contrary.

In St. Patrick's Church the Mass was celebrated by the worthy pastor, Rev. Father O'Neill. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese delivered the sermon.

In the evening, the Hibernian Society celebrated its anniversary by a banquet. Among the invited guests were his Excellency Gov. Allston, and Right Rev. P. N. Lynch, who acted as chaplain for the evening. The seventh regular toast was responded to by the Rt. Rev. Bishop. It was the following:

"Civil and Religious Liberty"—The first of man's desires—the highest when secured of his achievments—the last of all his rights to be surrendered.

SAVANNAH, GA.

[*From the Savannah Daily Georgian.*]

"But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They live on the bosom of pleasure
They die 'midst the tears of the cup."

The 17th March beamed upon the crowd with all the beauty of atmosphere that could have been desired. It was warm, friendly and Irish-like, and of course became the occasion.

The Hibernian Society in good numbers, and the Irish Union Society turned out in style fit to add honor to the cause. They with the escort of the Irish Jasper Greens, Capt. McMahon, went to the Athenæum, where the address was delivered by Martin J. Ford, who had been selected as orator of the day. There was an immense attendance at the Athenæum, so that none beyond the regular representatives to the feast could gain admission.

The orator opened with a view of the effect of love of country upon any person, and he showed that such a love was a feeling to which every honest mind might be sensible. It was a feeling that extends to all, and none felt it more keenly than the Irish. He remarked that it rules the Asiatic in his silks, and the Laplander in his bearskin, for ask the Arab, as faint with toil and thirst he traverses the sandy wilds, would he exchange the hardships of his desert waste for the ease and comfort of the most fertile plain; he would answer "dearer to him are his burning sands; sweeter the water of his troubled wells, than all the luxury of the finest land." Behold the Greenlander content with his dreary isle, his storms of snow and his six months night—see the South American cling to the greedy land that frequently devours thousands of his race. The love of country animates the breast of the enlightened citizen

amid the cares and ceremonies of polished life, and even the untutored savage is sensible of its influence, while he roams through the forest as wild and as uncultivated as himself for:

> The savage loves his native shore,
> Tho' rude the soil and chill the air,
> Well than may Erin's sons adore
> The isle that Nature formed so fair.

We do not intend to give a full report of the oration in our columns, but of its merits we can with confidence uphold the spirit of the address as being American, Republican and Democratic, such as the community at large cannot fail to accord with.

SAINT LOUIS, MO.

[From the Saint Louis Democrat.]

St. Patrick's morning looked drearily wet. The designed celebration was therefore partially interfered with. But the members of the Hibernian Society undauntedly mustered at their hall, and with music, and joined by the Washington Blues, marched in procession to the already crowded Church of St. Patrick. The R. C. Total Abstinence Society, without procession, gathered at the church in full force, and a large concourse of other citizens were present. The principal exercises were the celebration of Pontifical Mass by Bishop Duggan, and a discourse by Rev. Mr. Hennessy. The discourse was an eloquent eulogy on the life and virtues of St. Patrick. At the close the procession again formed, and with fairer skies marched through a few of the principal streets to the hall on Washington avenue and Fourth street.

The Hibernians crowned the day with a banquet, spread for them in his large hall, by the popular confectioner Castlberg. Their president, Mr. James Fortune, occupied the chair, and toasts were given and speeches delivered with unbounded felicity and enthusiasm.

Though the weather was inauspicious, the day was celebrated with scarcely less cordiality, profit and delight.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Ministerial statement.—Lord Derby taken by surprise.—The War Department.—India.—China.—Foreign policy of the Government. — Relations with France.—Napoleon III. the key-stone of the European arch of peace.—The French addresses.—English law on Conspiracy.—Reviews the conduct of the Palmerston Ministry.—The home policy of the Government.—The India bill.—Reform.—Adjournment.—Mr. Butt acquitted.—Bernard.—Trial of Truelove.—Mazzini.—Indian news.—China.—Donegal.

LONDON, 5th March, 1857.

The great parliamentary fact of the week was the new Premier's statement of the policy of the Tory ministry, on Monday night. Lord Derby confessed that no one could have been more surprised than himself by the vote of Friday week, and, so unexpected was it by the whole of his party, that no measures had been taken to secure a large attendance on that occasion. His lordship described the present divided state of parties, and considered that many honorable members would find it very difficult to say to what particular denomination they belonged. Having been refused assistance by an honorable gentlemen and two noble lords, Lord Derby saw himself obliged to construct a ministry from within the limits of his own party. He then complimented Lord Panmure and the Duke of Cambridge on the management of the War Department, expressing great surprise and satisfaction at the fact that, notwithstanding the great drain which had taken place, a respectable numerical force was still available in the United Kingdom. A heavy drain on the military resources of the country must naturally exist until the close of the war with India, and his lordship trusted, that, though much yet remained to be done—although our labors are not yet drawing to a close—that we are *beginning* to see a favorable turn of events, and that the operations of Sir Colin Campbell, following the exploits of those who had preceded him, had already struck terror into the great body of the insurgents. With regard to China, though having many causes of complaint against the Chinese, his lordship thought the present war a groundless one, but nevertheless expressed his gratification at the success which had crowned our arms, and which would enable her Majesty's Government to make a solid and permanent peace. The desire of conquest he trusted would never be entertained by any minister, for the only object of this country was to open the Chinese ports to the commerce of Great Britain. He hoped that Government would be able to establish friendly relations with every power, not by a tone of haughty indifference on the one hand, or by a mean and servile cringing on the other. They would not interfere with the international policy of other countries, except in rendering them friendly services (*Timeo Danaos*, &c.) The portion of the ministerial statement relating to French affairs was, of course, most anxiously looked for. His lordship hoped that if any animosity existed between England and France it would be soon obliterated, and that the *entente cordiale* would be as *cordiale* as usual. He considered that the best government for France was that which best suited the French people themselves, and he believed that the life of Napoleon III., whom he termed "that remarkable man, elected by the voice of the people," was of paramount importance to the tranquillity of Europe at the present moment. Then came a sort of apology for the energetic language of the French army addresses, which the head of the ministry excused on the ground of the greatness of the provocation, and next the denunciation of assassination, and of the refugees who "call themselves the friends of freedom." The laws of this country *are sufficient* to reach such offenders when their guilt was proved. Unreasonable expectations as to what this country would do had been excited in France. It was the duty of government to watch as far as possible over the safety of France, but the evidence in any case of conspiracy must be sufficient to satisfy a jury. Lord Derby then reviewed the conduct of the late Ministry with regard to the Walewski despatch. It was the duty of the Government to point out to the French Minister the offensive portions of the despatch, and ask him to explain them. That had been done by his noble friend, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and if he knew anything of his Imperial Majesty and his desire to preserve amicable relations with this country, he had sanguine hopes that the answer would remove all cause of irritation and enable them to proceed calmly and dispassionately with the discussion of that subject. He would not state the course the government intended to pursue, it would greatly depend on the answer received from the Emperor, *but it was the bounden duty of the government to put in the strong arm of the law to stop those atrocious conspiracies*. This remark was received with much favor.

Turning to the home policy of the Government, Lord Derby first referred to the Indian Bill. Government intended introducing a measure this session which would secure most of the objects of the bill of the late ministry and would be free from some grave objections to which that bill was liable.

With regard to a change in the system of representation his lordship believed that the House of Commons under the last Reform Bill had fairly represented the people. He would not pledge himself to bring in any bill having Reform for its object, but he hoped next session to bring in a bill which, though it might not please everybody, would be accepted as fair and reasonable by impartial people. His lordship concluded by expressing his sense of his incompetency, hoping, however, that he would not leave things in a worse state than that in which he found them. Lord Granville, though not objecting to Lord Derby's statement, defended the general policy of the Palmerston Ministry. After a short discussion, in which the Law Lords engaged, the House adjourned to the 15th instant. The Lower House adjourned to the 12th.

The Committee of Inquiry into the charge brought against Mr. Butt for obtaining money from Ameer Ali Moorad Khan on a promise of using his parliamentary influence for the recovery of that Prince's confiscated property, has terminated in the absolution of Mr. Butt from so terrible an accusation. The resolutions of the Committee are in substance as follow: That Mr. Butt entered into an agreement to go to India for the prosecution of the Ameer's claim with the local government of Bombay in consideration of the sum of £10,000, of which he received £2,000; that in 1856-'7 Mr. Butt did aid and assist the Ameer in prosecuting his claim; that in August, 1857, Mr. Butt received from the Ameer a check for £300, but it has not been shown to the Committee that such payment had any reference to proceedings in parliament. So this malicious accusation falls to the ground.

The examination of Bernard, the alleged accomplice of Pierri and Orsini, has again been adjourned to Thursday, on which day it is thought it will be concluded. Bernard, during the examination on Tuesday, addressed the court two or three times in a very excited manner. Orsini alone, he said, could free him from the charge he lay under, and he asked to have him brought to Bow street and examined there. The prisoner complained of not being allowed to read the newspapers, and thence was ignorant of what was being said about him in England as well as in France.

The trial of Truelove for publishing a pamphlet inciting to the assassination of Napoleon III. will, it is stated, be tried at the next session of the Central Criminal Court.

A letter from Mazzini has appeared in the *Daily News* contradicting several statements made against Orsini in the indictment or *acte d'accusation*. Orsini, he says, fulfilled with great success his mission at Ancona; instead of being arrested in Vienna and suspected of plotting the assassination of the Emperor of Austria, he was arrested at Hermanstadt, in Hungary, and never suspected of such a design.

The operations in India seem to slacken. The Commander-in-Chief was still preparing to invade Oude, and Outram was still at the Alumbagh. The only evidence of exertion is the relief of Saugur by the forces under the command of Sir Hugh Rose.

The official despatches regarding the taking of Canton have been published. Admiral Seymour, in his despatch dated Jan. 13th, says, the French were the first on the walls of Canton. Yeh, since his capture is on board the *Inflexible*, and the city was becoming quiet.

The subscriptions for the relief of the destitute of Donegal are being showered in with unsparing hands, the Poor Law Guardians, Commissioners, &c., to the contrary notwithstanding. The Rev. Mr. Doherty has written a letter to the Clerk of the Dunfanaghty Union, in which he disposes of the resolutions of the Guardians in the manner they deserve. W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Trial of the Conspirators.—Revised Account of the Attempt of the 14th January.—Biographical sketches and personal appearance of the Conspirators.—Orsini's prevarication and pretended generosity.—Systems of defence adopted by the different counsel.—The Sentence.—Death of the Rev. Father Ravignan.—Biographical sketch of that distinguished Ecclesiastic.

PARIS, 4th March, 1858.

The trial of Orsini and his accomplices was commenced on the 25th inst., the day after the Republican anniversary, a coincidence which, strange to say, has not been remarked. The case was brought before the Court of Assizes of the Seine. The indictment, or act of accusation, as we call it here, is a lengthy document embracing all the particulars of the conspiracy from its inception in London, to the failure and arrest of the conspirators. It furthermore goes into minute details of the antecedents of the prisoners, giving biographical sketches of each of them. As more or less errors have crept into the various accounts given of the attempt of the 14th of January, and as that terrible story will fill a striking page of the tablets of history, I think it will be in the interest of your readers, even at the risk of repetition in some regards, to give them an abstract of the official account, as briefly as correctness will admit of. On that memorable evening, their Imperial Majesties having signified their intention of attending the Opera, arrived before that building, in the Rue Lepeletier, at half-past eight o'clock. The first carriage of the cortege, in which were the officers of the Imperial Household, had already passed the peristyle of the theatre. It was followed by an escort of Lancers of the Imperial Guard preceding the Imperial vehicle in which were their Majesties and General Roguet. When their Majesties arrived at the principal entrance, three successive explosions were heard; the first before the Imperial carriage and near the last rank of Lancers, the second nearer and a little to the left, and the third under the carriage itself. The gas lamps of the facade of the theatre were extinguished by the explosions; the windows of the peristyle and of the neighboring houses were shivered all to fragments. The walls were almost perforated in many places, and pavements of the street bore the mark of the projectiles. The Emperor and Empress miraculously escaped. Their carriage was absolutely riddled, having been struck by 76 projectiles. One of the horses, wounded in 25 places, was instantaneously killed, the other was so severely wounded that the poor animal had to be killed to put him out of pain. General Roguet was struck in the neck but not dangerously wounded. 156 persons were wounded, some in several places, so that the entire number of wounds inflicted is 511. In the list are 21 women, 11 children, 18 lancers, 11 gardes de Paris and 31 agents of police. A garde de Paris and an employe of Prince Jerome's household received, the former 9 and the latter 11 wounds. They both died on the 15th. The medical report of the 23rd announced the death of two other victims. The report of the 11th February added six more to the sad list. Besides this many of the wounded are maimed for life. A few minutes before the attempt Pierri was providentially recognized by Hebert, *officier de paix*, and arrested. A bomb, a five-barrelled revolver loaded and primed, and a dirk knife were found upon him. Another bomb, exactly like that found on Pierri was discoverd by a waiter, at the corner of the Rue Lepeletier and the Rue Rossini, near a track of blood about two yards in length. A little farther on was found by a sergent de ville, a revolver stained with blood. In the midst of the excitement a young man, apparently a foreigner, entered the Broggi restaurant, opposite the Theatre. He seemed in great perturbation, sobbed and spoke incoherently of "his master." He was suspected and arrested. His name he said was Swiney, and he was the servant of an Englishman. "Swiney" was no other than Gomez. Pierri had said that he lived with another person in the Hotel de France et de Champagne, and accordingly an agent visited that place. There he found a young man in bed half undressed, who gave his name as da Silva. This was Charles de Rudio. Gomez gave as his dwelling the Hotel de Saxe Cobourg, in the Rue Saint Honore. His master's name he said was Allsop, and he resided at No. 10 Rue Monthabor. The Commissary of Police immediately went to the latter place, and there found in bed and slightly wounded on the head, the individual called Allsop, who said he was an Englishman and engaged in the beer trade. He had several passports, one among others signed "Palmerston," and 8,125 francs in French gold and English bank notes were found. This person was Felix Orsini, the chief of the conspirators. Subsequently irrefragable proofs of the conspiracy having been carried on by those parties in England, in conjunction a Frenchman named Bernard and an Englishman named Allsop were found. The two latter got the bombs made.

And now for a few short biographical sketches. I have already given you a sketch of Orsini, to which I need add but a few words. He is 39 years old, was born at Meldola, in the Roman States, and was sentenced in 1845 to the galleys for life by the Supreme Court of Rome for plotting against the pontifical government but was amnestied in July 1846. In May 1847 he was expelled from Tuscany. In 1849 he was a member of the Roman Constituent Assembly. Appointed Commissioner at Ancona, he gave himself up to excesses, which in 1853 caused him to be condemmed as contumax, by the Roman Supreme Court, for theft accompanied by violence and usurpation of authority. The restoration of the pontifical government drove him from Italy whence he went first to London, and subsequently travelled through Piedmont, Switzerland, Lombardy, engaged in revolutionary intrigues, having false passports and under a false name. In 1855 he was arrested in Vienna under the name of Herway, was imprisoned in the fortress of Mantua and condemned to death, but he managed to escape from his prison and since then has resided in England. Orsini is a man of about the middle height, pale, wearing heavy black whiskers. His hair is thin and turning gray.

Joseph Andre Pierri is 50 years of age, and was born at Luc in Tuscany. He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a heavy fine for having stolen and pledged a fellow-student's watch in 1830. He was then young, and pleads that it was a schoolboy joke, and that the owner of the watch enjoyed the supper which was procured with the proceeds. However that may be he was again accused of theft in 1835, when he fled to France and passed himself off as a political refugee. He married at Lyons in 1834, and for some time followed the business of cap-making. His wife, who was examined in the *instruction*, was obliged to leave him on account of his bad treatment, and has for a long time worked in the environs of Paris as a charewoman to support herself and her child. In 1848 he served in Africa in the Foreign Legion. He next entered the Tuscan service, usurped the grade of Major, but having been, guilty of violence and exaction was cashiered in 1849. He returned to France, whence he was expelled in 1852, after having written a most abject letter to the Emperor, and has since usually lived in England, professing to be a teacher of languages. The existence of relations between Pierri and Orsini was proved by the former's servant. Pierri has a long face, a high forehead, his hair cut short, and a full beard.

Antonio Gomez is a Napolitan by birth, and is 29 years of age. He belonged to the Foreign Legion for a short period, and at Marseilles, in May, 1855, was sentenced to six months imprisonment and a fine of twenty-five francs for

abus de confiance. He has a pale, unmeaning face.

Charles de Rudio was born at Belluna in the Venetian States, and is the youngest of the prisoners, being only 25 years of age. He has a wife who is only 17 years old. He belongs to a noble Italian family, but had to leave his country in consequence of his complicity in the political troubles. He is low-sized and short-necked, of an olive complexion and wears a slight, black moustache. His relations, as well as those of Gomez, with Orsini and Pierri, are clearly proved.

Gomez and De Rudio have confessed their crime. Pierri denies all participation in it. He has given contradictory accounts of himself and tries to explain the fact of his having a bomb, dagger, and revolver on his person, in a manner too absurd to merit notice. Orsini has partly confessed and then again retracted. He plays the generous, and says he does not want to incriminate anybody, while he, at the same time, distinctly points them out and says, "They are not children, they knew what they were doing." He lays great stress on the fact that he did not know a bomb.

The examination of the witnesses brought out nothing of importance, nor could it, for everything was proved beforehand. Jules Favre, Orsini's advocate, confessed it in his speech, he only endeavored to make Orsini pass for a patriot. The advocates of Gomez and de Rudio, asked for indulgence, and claimed that their clients ought not be punished as severely as the heads of the plot. Pierri's advocate laid great stress on the fact that his client had no blood on his hands. Gomez' advocate alone has been successful. Orsini, Pierri and de Rudio have been condemned to the punishment of parricides. They will be led to the scaffold, in their shirts, barefooted and a black veil over their heads. Attenuating circumstances were admitted in the case of Gomez, who has been sentenced to hard labor for life.

I have a sad duty to perform in announcing to you the death of the lamented Father Ravignan, caused by a life of austerity and the fatigues of an apostolacy which never knew repose. The reverend father breathed his last in the Convent of his Order in the Rue de Sevres. The Rev. Father Xavier de Ravignan belonged to a noble family of Guyenne, and was born at Bayonne in 1753. He studied law and was admitted to the Paris bar. His talent was soon remarked by the Government and he was appointed Conseiller Auditeur of the Royal Court of Paris. In 1821 he was chosen by the Procureur General Bellart as his substitute. He filled this position with high distinction but his vocation was elsewhere and in the midst of success, with fame, fortune and power within his grasp the young advocate turned his eyes heavenward, bade farewell to human honors and entered the noviciate of the Jesuits at Montrouge. Those who know what an influence the austere virtues, the holy life and the inspired preaching of Father Ravignan had on the youth and the highest classes of the capital, will feel what a loss that sainted ecclesiastic is to the Church.

CITY NEWS.

ALLSOP THE FUGITIVE.—At a meeting of the Board of Police Commissioners on Thursday, the 25th ult., Mr. Bowen called the attention of the Board to an article from the Albany *Statesman*, in which the writer asserted that a number of English and French detectives were in this city on the lookout for the Englishman Allsop, charged with an attempt to assassinate the French Emperor on the 14th of January last. Mr. Bowen said that his object in alluding to the matter was for the purpose of letting these English and French detectives, as well as the members of the local police who may harbor a design of aiding in Allsop's arrest, understand that heinous as the man's offence might be, he was under the protection of the United States laws, and that they (the detectives) would make the arrest at their peril. Mayor Tiemann hoped that none of the New York Police would have anything to say in the matter, or concern themselves about the man's abduction from these shores. If they attempted to do so they would be dismissed. When the action of the Board, in this matter, comes to be fully understood in Europe, we may be prepared to hear at any moment that a shipload of English fugitives and assassins are being landed on our docks. Whoever is found willing to plot against Louis Napoleon, certainly Englishmen should not be found among their number. To his own disadvantage and against the traditions, spirit and policy of the French people, he entered into an alliance with the English nation—an alliance in which he had but little to gain and much to lose. He preserved and shielded from destruction the miserable tag-rag, by way of courtesy denominated an army, which England sent to the Crimea in 1854, and prevented it, notwithstanding the manifest cowardice and incapacity of those who were appointed to its command, from being trodden down beneath the hoofs of Cossack cavalry, and at this moment, despite the councils of his officers and advisers, the cries of the army, and the wishes of his people, he persists in maintaining the *entente cordiale*, as it is called, surrounded as he is by difficulties, and by all those manifestations which have invariably preceded revolutionary outbursts in France. How far this policy tends to the maintenance of his power in France time only can determine, but of this there remains not the shadow of a doubt—that there are to-day in France plenty of conspirators against the throne and life of Napoleon, who would cheerfully resign their plottings and follow him with alacrity across the English Channel.

A LECTURE ON "FUN."—It is certain that an immense amount of valuable information can be derived by means of lectures, provided only fitting subjects are laid hold of and treated in a proper spirit. But unfortunately lecturing, like all other human institutions, is liable to abuse, and in the hands of unlearned or narrow-minded individuals, of being converted into a medium for the propagation of error and of misconception. Of those—and their number is almost infinite—who have undertaken the grave responsibility of enlightening the community in this wise, how few attain a respectable much less an enviable position as lecturers. We are led to these remarks in consequence of an address delivered at Clinton Hall on an evening of last week by a person named De Cordova, or Deacon of Glenwood, as he is styled. This very amusing person took occasion to state in the course of his address a fact hitherto unknown to scholars and literary men in general, to wit—that Fun belonged solely and exclusively to the English language, and that under its different heads, viz.: the practical, the witty, the humorous, as well as that which exposes cant, humbug and hypocrisy, it has been alone illustrated by *Punch*, and in the writings of Dickens and Thackeray. Without waiting to dwell on the reckless disregard of truth contained in the above, we would address ourselves to those likely to be deceived by such barefaced assertions, and warn them to avoid being carried away at the dictation of such ranters as this "Deacon," who discourses on the subjects of humor and of wit as if such persons as Cervantes, Mendoza or La Sage never had an existence, the brilliancy of whose humorous attributes and never-failing wit charmed the genarations with whom they were cotemporary, and has not lost its efficacy even on our own. It is high time to have done with such blind guides as this "Deacon of Glenwood." Ten thousand such lecturers would tend to no other result than to mislead and confound their hearers, and, by that means, convert what was at first intended as a source of amusement and instruction into a mischievous and fraudulent invention, calculated to rob the really great and deserving of their time-honored and well-earned laurels, for the purpose of decorating the brows of the pretentious and unworthy.

BACKING UP AN ASSASSIN.—We understand a meeting took place here last week for the purpose of contributing funds to sustain and shield from well merited punishment, Allsop, the would-be assassin of Louis Napoleon. The meeting was a strictly private one, the details were kept from the papers and the public as far as possible, and none were invited to take part, save those willing to contribute the cash. A fair number of those most prominent in denouncing the concocted Sepoy atrocities were on hand, and manifested the purity of their minds by the unique method of contributing largely to the cause of assassination.

GOING TO WAR.—A number of guns, swords and pistols destined for Utah, were seized in this city lately by Inspector Murphy of the U. S. Custom House, preparatory to their being shipped to the Mormon country.

A lecture was delivered here recently in the French language on that eminent and truly learned Frenchman, Chateaubriand. The lecturer was Professor Elie Charlier. His audience is represented as being highly delighted with the lecturer and his subject.

"SCREECHING HARRY."—This is the rather unfeminine epithet applied to a certain Miss Harriet Olney, a person who is in the frequent habit of attending the revival meetings in this city, and who in opposition to the direct injunctions of St. Paul, that women were not to teach, contrives to overcome so slight an impediment, and allows her small sweet voice to be heard at most of the meetings. The lady has become indignant that the epithet "Screeching Harry" should continue to be applied to her, and has come out accordingly with her protest. We beg to remind the lady that all slight difficulties of this sort invariably accompany notoriety. They are, in fact, penalties attached to greatness, the briers and thorns that beset all those who would clamber up to fame, and which they must make up their minds to encounter if they would reach the top. In the meantime we should like to enquire, provided the question were a proper one, whether this lady's proficiency in domestic attainments, such for instance as cooking, washing, sewing, ironing, and such like female adornments, are commensurate with her celebrity at revival meetings. We make the enquiry, conscious that such perfections, vulgar as some persons regard them, are valuable acquisitions and of infinite importance in order to avoid celibacy—that fatal charybdis on which, we presume, Miss Harriet's hopes have been shattered.

A COSTLY BANKING HOUSE.—A new building designed for the Bank of New York, situate corner of William and Wall sts., was opened for inspection on the 24th ult. The building is composed of brick, dressed with brown stone, and is of much greater stability than the generality of erections of the same description. The structure fronts on Wall st. 38 feet 4 inches, and is 126 feet deep. The banking hall is 58 feet 6 inches by 35 feet. The President and the Cashier's rooms are both on the same floor, and altogether the arrangements are complete and systematic. Business commenced in the institution on Monday last.

A number of ridiculous scenes take place daily at Burton's old Theatre, while the "revivals" are going on. On Friday, the 26th ult., a person occupying a seat in the upper gallery arose, and after clearing his throat by a few coughs such as are usually given, under similar circumstances, by persons rather doubtful of their own powers of oratory, exclaimed: "This people draw near to God with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have I moved their hearts?" Immediately on giving vent to the above the chairman, who was evidently unprepared for an outburst of this nature, commanded silence on the part of the crier out of scriptural wisdom from the third tier. Notwithstanding the immense notoriety given to these revivals, by the few Ismite papers to whose peculiar guardianship they appear to be most particularly committed, the concentrated bellowings on the score of utility, and the good they have already effected, fail to bring together, according to the closest calculation, more than five thousand two hundred and forty-five souls. Deducting seven or eight hundred from the above as the number of those who having nothing particular to engage their attention, go to a "revival meeting" for the purpose of passing an hour away, we find the total number of "believers" to be somewhere in the neighborhood of four thousand five hundred, truly a meagre number in a city of nearly seven hundred thousand persons. The truth is this, that the whole thing is but a bubble, one of those wild, feverish excitements of the hour, so prevelant among us, and which is destined to subside just as quickly as it arose.

There is danger attached to the wearing of a hooped skirt. Several casualties resulting to wearers of those expansive outfits, on account of fire, have been reported in the papers lately. The latest is that of a Miss Caroline Hughes, who, having called in the shoe store, No. 16 Bowery, while talking with one of the attendants, approached near enough to let the edge of her hooped skirt catch fire from a lamp setting on the floor. She was instantly in a blaze, but was immediately caught by the proprietor and his assistant, who, rolling her in a piece of carpet, smothered the flames. Had she ran into the street, as she intended at first to do, her injuries would, most likely, have been fatal.

Monday last was the first day of the Jewish Passover, and was celebrated by the great majority of the thirty-four thousand Jews who reside in this city, according to the rites of Judaism.

A paper was read before the Historical Society of this city recently, in the course of which the writer, Dr. Bacon, stated that no fewer than eighty languages are used in business and social intercourse by the people of New York. This is an immense number of languages, and we fear somewhat exaggerated.

Ex-Governor Shannon has been lecturing in this city on that interminable subject, "Kansas."

There were 476 deaths in this city last week, being an increase of 12 over that of the preceding one.

The Ladies of Hudson City, N. J., will hold a Fair for the benefit of St. Joseph's Church, the proceeds to be applied towards liquidating the debts of the Church. The Fair will commence on Monday, April 5th, and continue the three following evenings.

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NEW YORK MARKETS.

COFFEE—The market is quiet for all kinds, and prices have not shown any marked change; sales of 500 bags Rio at 10¢@10½c. Stock of Rio 15,000 bags.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The inquiry for Western Canal Flour is less active, and low grades are easier. The demand is confined almost entirely to the home trade. The better grades are quite firm and not plenty; the sales are 6,800 bbls. at $4 20@$4 30 for common to good State; $4 40@$4 55 for extra do.; $4 20@$4 35 for superfine Indiana and Michigan; $4 35@$4 85 for extra do.; $4 80@$5 for common to good extra round-hoop Ohio; $5@$6 25 for good to choice do.; $5 35@$7 for St. Louis brands, and extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is without important change; the inquiry is fair for the trade, and the East; sales of 300 bbls. at $4 30 for superfine, and $4 50@$5 50 for extra brands. Southern Flour is without change to note; the demand is good for the trade and for shipment, and the arrivals not large; the sales are 1,200 bbls. at $4 70@$5 for mixed to good brands Alexandria, &c., and $5 05@$6 25 for good to choice do. Rye Flour is in limited request, and is steady; sales of 50 bbls. at $3@$3 75. Corn Meal is firm but quiet at $3 for Jersey; $3 50 for Brandywine, and $16 75 for puncheons. Buckwheat Flour is dull and nominal at $2 25@$2 50 ₱ 100 ℔.

GRAIN—The inquiry for Wheat is quite limited, but with moderate arrivals prices are sustained. Rye is hardly so firm; the demand is moderate; the sales are 5,000 bush. at 68@70c.; the inside price for a lot to arrive. Barley is quite firm, the demand moderate. Oats are in fair demand and in good supply; sales of State at 42@44c.; Western, 44@45c. Corn is in good demand, and is firmer; the arrivals are fair; the inquiry is only limited for Export, but fair for the East and home trade; the sales are 43,000 bush. at 68@69c. for Southern Yellow, and 68@70c. for do. White.

HIDES—There is very little doing; prices are tending downward; sales of 1,000 City Slaughter at 7½c.; 1,300 Montevideo at 25c., 6 mos.; 500 Western at 17c., 6 mos.; and 200 Country Slaughter at 8c., cash.

HAY—The inquiry is light for shipment and the market is heavy; sales of 400 bales at 45@80c. ₱ 100 ℔.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is quite dull and heavy, the arrivals are not large, but the consumption is moderate; sales of 300 bbls. at $16 80 for Mess, $16 50 for Prime Mess, and $13 70 for Prime. Beef is in moderate request and is heavy; the receipts are on the increase; the sales are 140 bbls. at $7@$8 for Country Prime; $10@$11 for do. Mess; $12@$13 50 for Repacked Mess, and $14@$14 50 for extra do. Lard is rather heavy; the arrivals are fair, and the stock is large for the season; the sales are 650 bbls. and tcs. at 9½@10½c. Beef Hams are heavy and lower; small sales at $16@$18 75. Bacon is lower and freely offered; the sales are 250 boxes Long Ribbed at 8½c. Rough sides are scarce and nominal. Dressed Hogs are scarce at 7½@8c. Cut meats are rather lower and heavy; the sales are 275 bbls. and tcs. at 6½@8½c. for Shoulders, and 9@9½c. for Hams. Butter is in good supply and is heavy at 14@20c. for Ohio, and 17@24c. for State. Cheese is dull and plenty at 8@10½c.

RICE is steady, and a moderate demand prevails; sales of 150 tcs. at 3½@4.. as to quality.

SUGARS—The market for New Orleans is a shade firmer, and for other kinds there is no change. The demand continues fair; sales of 820 hhds., including 200 hhds Porto Rico at 7@7¾c., the latter price for 118 hhds; 350 hhds. New Orleans at 6¼@7¼c., and 270 hhds. Cuba at 6¼@7c.; also, 200 boxes Havanna at 6¾c.

SKINS—Mexican Goat are in good supply, and are hardly so firm, but most other kinds are in light stock, and prices are well supported. Foreign Deer are slowly recovering from the extreme dullness; sales of 100 bales Sisal have been made on terms we did not hear. Domestic remain languid and nominal in price.

SPICES are generally quiet; sales of 300 bags Pepper, ex-ship, at 9½c., 6 mos.

TEAS—The auction sale was largely attended, and nearly all the catalogue was sold at full prices, as compared with the rates of the last auction sale. The offering embraced two lines of medium in fine Souchongs, and the balance were Greens, mostly of fine grades—all of old crop.

TOBACCO—Leaf is quiet, as also manufactured; the sales are only 12 cases Florida at 17@25c., and 28 cases Seed Leaf at 18@30c.

TALLOW—The inquiry is moderate, and the market is heavy at 10½@10¾c.

WHISKEY—The market is firmer; sales of 380 bbls. at 22½@23c.

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ON THE CAUSES OF
Consumption, Symptoms of Consumption, Tubercles—what they are, Treatment of Consumption, and Curability of Consumption.

CONSUMPTION (*Phthisis Pulmonalis*) is characterized by emaciation, debility, cough, hectic fever, expectoration; some physicians enumerate several different kinds, this seems to me unnecessary for practical purposes.

CAUSES OF CONSUMPTION.

Causes are generally hereditary. Scrofula, large veins, weak voice, great sensibility, delicate complexion, scrofula, measles, smallpox, particular employments, unwholesome air, violent passions, affliction of the mind, grief, disappointment, confinement, want of proper exercise, drinking strong liquors, diarrhœa, diabetes, females nursing their babes when in a debilitated state, application of cold changes of apparel, wet clothes, lying in damp beds, exposure to cold suddenly when in a state of perspiration. More immediate causes: bleeding of the lungs inflammation, asthma, tubercles—this last is by far the most common. Folly of dress causes this disease; tight lacing, one moment in a heated or crowded room, next in the cold air, which produces a cough, and consumption is the result; confined and sedentary habits, the stomach, liver, lungs, &c., become disorded. Another, the manner in which persons are treated by their physicians.

SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION.

This disease may arise from inflammation in the membrane, or external part of the lungs, also from tubercles at the commencing. Symptoms vary with the cause of disease. If it arises from tubercles, it is marked by dry cough, from which nothing is spit up for some time but frothy mucus. With the least bodily motion, breathing becomes hurried, with an oppression of the chest. Patient gradually becomes lean, depression of spirits, loss of appetite. Cough becomes more troublesome, particularly night and morning; in some cases the patient spits quantities of frothy blood, or mucus streaked with blood. Breathing becomes more difficult, weakness increases; the patient begins to feel pain in the chest and in the side when coughing. Often the patient cannot lie easy on one or the other of his sides. Fever is of remittent kind, generally twice per day. Patient is very sensible to change of air, complains of being cold. Urine high-colored, bowels costive. In more advanced stages, diarrhœa often comes on, sweats break out, which induce great debility. In the last stage of the disease the patient has the appearance of a skeleton; eyes low and hollow, cheeks prominent, nails of livid color, feet affected with dropsical swellings, mind confident and full of hope. A few days before death, the extremities become cold. Throat generally sore, bowels loose. All the above symptoms from various morbid affections of the system.

TUBERCLES—WHAT THEY ARE.

Tubercles are small tumors situated in different parts of the lungs. In their incipient stage they are not larger than fine shot, but finally increase and become as large as a nut. They generally exist in clusters, which, if numerous, run into each other, form yellow masses; from cold or other causes they inflame, open into bronchial tubes, and are discharged by expectoration, being in fact open ulcers from which great quantities of matter issue, often bloody. They depend on a scrofulous state of the system.

TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

Treatment is to support the strength, to equalize the circulation, heal the ulcers in the lungs—debility one great cause of this disease. The lungs being weak, they are unable to resist the morbid state of other organs. We must remove the tough mucus from the air cells, which will overcome the irritation which is caused by the morbid action of these organs. It is our duty to restore the tone and bring a healthy action of the system. I know physicians make great failures in curing this disease, and cry humbug to all that say consumption is curable. I can prove that it is curable; I can produce those that I have cured, who stand high in this city, not ashamed to say Dr. BONE cured them, when they had no hope of being cured; when their physicians said I can do no more for you, it is settled. Why is consumption a difficult disease to cure? because each lung is retained in its place by its root, which is formed by the pulmonary arteries, veins and bronchial tubes, together with the bronchial vessels and pulmonary nerves—the constant motion of the lungs causing the ulcers hard to be healed.

CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION.

It is supposed by most persons that consumption is not curable. When a friend is attacked, they generally give up all hopes of recovery. We are too hasty. Indeed, it is beyond dispute that the lungs recover from this disease the same as other organs do from other diseases, though less frequently. I believe every case can be cured, if the powers of nature are sufficient, with proper treatment, to bring a reaction. Besides, it is our duty to help, when we cannot cure, which always can be done, even in the last stages. The fact that scars are often discovered in lungs of persons, on post mortem examinations, who have been cured of consumption, and have died from other diseases, prove beyond doubt that consumption is curable.

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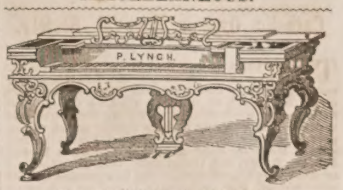

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